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**THE**  
**SISTER OF CHARITY;**  
**AND**  
**OTHER POEMS.**



**LONDON: JAMES HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT,  
CHANCERY LANE.**

THE  
SISTER OF CHARITY;

THE MAGIC LANTERN;

▲  
TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF LAFAYETTE;

WITH  
*Minor Poems and Translations.*

BY EDWARD FARHILL.



LONDON:  
EDWARD CHURTON, LIBRARY, 26, HOLLES STREET,  
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1835.

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TO  
HER ROYAL HIGHNESS  
THE DUCHESS OF KENT,  
THIS VOLUME OF POETRY  
IS, WITH PERMISSION, INSCRIBED,  
BY HER ROYAL HIGHNESS'S  
MOST RESPECTFULLY ATTACHED  
AND DEVOTED  
HUMBLE SERVANT,  
THE AUTHOR.



*O Matre pulchra! Filia pulchrior!*

---

SWEET, blooming floweret, nurtured in the shade,—  
The hope of Israel,—mild, illustrious maid!—  
On thee this Kingdom casts an anxious eye;  
Fond expectation! Time may not belie.  
And men contemplative would read, e'en now,  
Upon the Virgin's pure and candid brow,  
The embryo glories of a rising day,  
Beneath a Woman's just and virtuous sway.  
Oh! may the sordid minds that haunt a court,—  
An empire's by-word, the reproach and sport,—  
Ne'er cross thy path, their baneful doctrines fling,  
Or taint a youthful genius at the spring!  
On this terrestrial scene, in good or ill,  
Few have the means, though most possess the will;  
And still with sceptered Potentates must rest  
The envied task, to make a people blest;  
To rule with justice, and maintain the laws,—  
Nor draw the sword in any odious cause;  
To send the olive-token on the breeze  
That wafts our commerce over distant seas,—

That noble mission of a heavenly birth,  
 Good-will towards mankind, and peace on earth ;  
 To aid the weak and fatherless in need,—  
 To protect all,—and leave to each his creed :  
 These are the attributes of grace divine ;  
 And such, we trust, fair Princess, may be thine !  
 Then shall Great Britain, in auspicious hour,  
 Screened by an Ægis of resistless power,  
 Strong in her wave-girt fortress, bold and free,  
 A chaplet weave to the Immortal Three !  
 While, with the tongue's yet legendary dress,  
 Quaint bards Eliza's wide renown express,—  
 And well-bred poets, in Horatian strain,  
 Record the deeds of Anna's classic reign,—  
 Future historians shall alike unfold  
 Annals as bright, in characters of gold,—  
 The halcyon era, fraught with joy and love,—  
 And their pen trace VICTORIA's name above !

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**THE SISTER OF CHARITY.**



## INTRODUCTION.

---

THE dynasty of Napoleon is especially favourable to poetry: there is a grandeur in the short but eventful lapse of years, from the breaking out of the Revolution to the banishment to St. Helena, which, while it must supply with valuable materials the future impartial writer of that epoch, when considered by the poet, comprises all that ancient history can boast of, combined with the chivalrous heroism of the middle ages. Without intrenching on the domain of history, the *SISTER OF CHARITY* is written with a view of blending with a tale of domestic life the great actions which have characterized the beginning of this century. The time is at last arrived, when that era may be investigated

without the prejudices of contemporary excitement—neither vitiated by party rancour, nor exaggerated by momentary enthusiasm. Viewed under this aspect, who will not allow that the subject is more promising than if it were borrowed from the ancients, or from distant climes, with which we have nothing in common,—or exhumed from mouldering parchments, the memorials of the feudal system, which prevailed but too long?

In all Christian, in all civilized countries, the establishment of charitable institutions has been one of the first objects of a good legislature. To place our fellow-creatures out of the reach of want, is frequently equivalent to placing them out of the reach of vice. In England, the cause of humanity owes much to the philanthropic Howard: Italy may with justice boast of St. Charles Borromœus: in France, the child of the humblest peasant is taught to lisp with gratitude the name of Vincent de Paul.

The insufficiency of the association called the “Dames de Charité,” gave the first idea to this good and great man, of a supplementary aid to be derived from the union of poor females devoted to the at-

tendance of the sick. In the first instance they were called Filles de la Charité; but at this moment all communities of the same nature as the Sœurs Grises, are comprehended without distinction in the class of Sœurs de la Charité. The immediate result of this measure was the foundation of the Hospice des Enfants Trouvés, which institution has been blamed by rigid moralists, on the ground of its holding forth encouragement to vice.

The example set by France has been adopted in other Catholic countries, which have not the benefit of a regularly organized parochial system.

The Sœurs de Charité have been considered by some as bigoted, and hardened into a state of indifference, from the constant view of physical sufferings; but, with regard to the last charge, the same complaint may be extended to medical attendants in general. Surely it is a faulty style of reasoning, to argue against the use of systems from their abuses, except indeed where the latter exceed the benefits procured. Even the most fervent zeal may occasionally languish before the continual prospect of calamities. With respect to the charge of bigotry, it

must not be forgotten that the Sisters form part of a church at no period distinguished for religious toleration; and if, in the pursuit of practical piety, some sparks of spiritual pride occasionally burst forth, they have a strong claim to indulgence, on the ground of public utility, and devotion to their pious calling.

I must refer, to the *Life of Vincent de Paul*, by Capefigue, and to the *Beautés de l'Histoire des Sœurs de la Charité*, those of my readers who desire to be more fully informed with respect to this singular institution. I am bound at the same time to acknowledge these works as the source from whence I have collected many hints for the composition of the Poem now offered to the public.

## THE SISTER OF CHARITY.

---

ON History's useful pages are displayed  
The warlike attributes of Orleans' Maid :  
But were her merits for the world's relief  
Beyond all doubt, as past plain men's belief,  
I more admire the lowliest maid of all  
Thy mild enduring Sisters, holy Paul !  
There is a Christian fortitude, unknown  
To common souls,—not swelled or overgrown—  
Unruffled, as pure streams that ne'er o'erleap  
Their bounds, yet hasten onwards to the deep,—  
Which yields a greener laurel to mankind,  
In that deep-felt, interior peace of mind,—  
The self-respect that leaves an ample scope  
For virtuous acts, prepares the way for hope,  
And, as it weans us from the lures of crime,  
Lifts the veil 'twixt eternity and time.



Angelic Women! though the hand of scorn  
May strew your humble path with many a thorn,  
Though 'tis your mournful duty to assuage  
The cries of pain and querulous old age,  
To smooth with words of peace the sufferer's bed,—  
Oft placed between the dying and the dead,—  
Though for the toils of your laborious trust  
Ye reap but anguish, injury, and disgust,—  
There is a happiness reserved on earth  
For self-denying, unassuming worth,  
In the heart's inmost core, without alloy:  
No sting can poison it, no power destroy;  
It towers superior to corroding care—  
It mocks injustice, as it braves despair;  
And strong with inspiration from above,  
Unites an active faith and heavenly love.

A rigorous winter, that had long bound fast  
The frozen earth, relaxed its hold at last:  
Nature dispels her sombre forms of grief,  
The spring appears, the Tuileries are in leaf.  
Remote from these vain scenes, beyond the Seine,  
Where sternly lours the Faubourg St. Germain,  
And forms relief in science, arts, and rank,  
With haunts commercial of its rival bank,

Two penitential handmaids of the Lord,  
Freed from their pious duties, stole abroad :  
They shun the hum, the buzz of crowds, and gain  
The av'nues formed in vistas to the plain.  
Here barriers stop the merchants who advance  
With varied offerings from the marts of France ;  
Here simple flowers 'midst early shrubs abound,  
And crops adorn the cultivated ground.  
For a short time released, they too drew nigh  
That glorious scene, the day-spring from on high ;  
They too enjoyed the odoriferous breeze,  
The dew that hung like pearls upon the trees ;  
That balmy freshness, and the distant roll  
Of streams, in chorus with the birds' carol.  
How precious Nature's gifts for all whose doom  
Is close attendance in the sick man's room !  
How are her simple charms, not understood  
By the perverse, luxuriant for the good !  
And, as the pair reposed beneath the shade  
That lent an oak in April buds arrayed,  
There might Lavater have been proud to trace  
His dispensations of the human face :  
The lines of one, harsh, common, uninspired,  
Yet tempered down by lowliness acquired,

Almost impassive or to joy or care,  
(For the strong passions found no harbour there,)  
Betrayed a character nor vain, nor fond,  
And form'd for common life, but nought beyond ;  
Which, spared by fifty winters, might presage  
What men are wont to call a green old age.  
But for her friend, eight lustres might have pass'd  
O'er charms they had matured, but not o'er cast ;  
And though that mournful dress was made to hide  
All signs of worldly pomp and carnal pride,—  
The features regular, the dimpled chin,  
Transparent hue, and alabaster skin,  
Shewed one above the mass of human kind,  
Whose form in memory leaves a trace behind ;  
Whose passage howe'er fleeting upon earth,  
Still bears the stamp of a superior birth.  
Vain dreams ! Ah, 'tis not here the time to urge  
A precedence beneath that robe of serge ;  
Whate'er you once might be, at life's aurore,  
When fops might haunt you, and fond crowds adore,  
'Twas levity, but now 'twere guilt to please ;  
For what has love in common with Therese ?  
In sooth 'tis hard to know with what regret  
Recluses quit a world they scarce forget :

The firm resolve, the bitter sense of wrong,  
Has but a season, and endures not long :  
Perhaps the feeling deem'd the most intense,  
With all is wavering, and, with some, pretence ;  
But when their lot is sealed, and the die cast,  
They persuade others, and themselves at last ;  
And give a certain grandeur to a deed  
Which chance has brought about, or Fate decreed.  
The elder now, called Agnes, to this end  
First broke the silence, and address'd her friend :

“ In tender age bereft, without support,  
As some frail bark that makes the sheltering port,  
On the vast sea, wave-beat and tempest-tost,  
Girt round with treacherous quicksands, all but lost,  
So did I seek repose, and fondly cling  
To this plain garb, when life was in its spring ;  
Too glad to baffle want's relentless fang,  
I left a barren world without a pang ;  
Nor did one solitary wish lurk hid  
For all its vain amusements, once forbid.  
Thus have I passed my life, content to dwell  
In wards infected, a bare room for cell,  
Obedient, though within no cloistered rail ;  
For rule, my zeal, and modesty my veil :

But, that a frame so soft should not recoil,—  
That arms so fair, and never meant for toil,  
Should conquer sloth,—that ties for ever dear  
You can renounce,—still harder—persevere,  
(Though who prefers the Cross to rank or gold,  
Be sure is recompensed a hundred-fold,)  
I own, surprises ; and what gave a turn  
So strong, so fixed, have often wished to learn.”

To whom Therese, with gently stifled sigh,  
Downcast and tremulous, made this reply :

“ If scars of war be dangerous, there are woes,  
Ills, moral, vital, and as hard to close ;  
Yet they who spare your person will impart  
The poison, drop by drop, that mines the heart—  
Will, sportive, veil resentment, and instil  
The venom which is surely meant to kill.  
Thus bitter calumny, and reckless scorn,  
That mark the objects they have made forlorn,  
Opinion, loud with retributive thong,  
Hunting the victims down through right and wrong—  
These, weapons keen as falchions, may be weighed  
In equal balance with the conquering blade.  
The conscience, without resting-place on earth,  
May seek the happier spheres that gave it birth,

And its pure accents, freed from mortal leaven,  
Be borne by angels to the throne of Heaven :  
Yet who'll infuse the balm for acts unkind ?  
When all is done, the worst remains behind ;  
For there are mental shocks, with every care,  
As beyond foresight, thus beyond repair.  
Who can restore the glowing dreams which youth  
So loves to marshal round harsh forms of truth ;  
The slumbers light, the mornings free from strife,  
Illusions gay, and early hopes of life ?  
For me too is that source of good, once fed,  
Now sunk and wasted at the fountain head ;  
Inj'ries long time unpitied, unredrest,  
Left their sharp barb deep rankling in the breast ;  
But, prostrate 'fore my Saviour and my God,  
I bore the Cross, and kissed the chastening rod :  
Perishing vessel, empty form of clay,  
I felt Faith's vital, purifying ray ;  
For though these earthly bonds be hard to sever,  
And happiness once gone, is gone for ever,  
Misfortune, soothed by that redeeming light,  
Clung to its prop ; Despair was put to flight,  
And the past seemed but as a feverish night."

*Tale of the Sister of Charity.*

My father, of small wealth, but not the less  
Lineal descendant of that old noblesse,  
Props of the church and pillars of the state,  
Under the monarch justly termed the Great,  
To keep the style his means might scarce afford,  
As soldier, threw into the weight his sword ;  
And yet the days were vanished as of old,  
When nobles graced the Field of Cloth of Gold,  
And warriors of both countries formed a ring  
Around their chivalresque and vigorous king :  
The days again were past, which some regret,  
Of stars and ribbons, forms and etiquette ;  
When feudal lords, submissive courtiers grown,  
No longer grasped at power or braved the throne,  
But, punctual at the levee, side by side,  
Forgot their claims and territorial pride ;  
Each loyal subject witnessed with dismay  
This old machine of government give way—  
The mixture of rapacity in league  
With factious insolence and base intrigue.  
Briefly, the discontent, no longer mute,  
Ripened to action—the tree bore its fruit :

Forgive these tears ; woes so profound, so deep,  
Are ill recalled to view ; but we may weep :  
For ever buried be those scenes of crime,  
Engulfed and lost in the abyss of Time ;  
May Hope, regenerate with new prospects buoyed,  
And harmony restored, fill up the void.  
You know the rest : when all was in the dust—  
Crown, altar, laws—my sire resigned his trust :  
Last at his post, when every chance was o'er,  
He bore his sufferings to a neighbouring shore.  
My mother died : to his fond heart beguiled,  
Remained myself, and Athalie, a child.  
If Dionysius, dispossess'd of rule,  
Might change his dangerous sceptre for a school,  
Still live respected, leave a useful name,  
As great as at the pinnacle of fame,  
Then might my father safely bow the knee  
Before a nation generous, bold, and free ;  
Rivals indeed, but such as we may deem  
Worthy the contest and a foe's esteem.  
In the full strength of years, with moral force,  
An honest man is ne'er without resource ;  
Happier perchance employed, than when the growth  
Of faculties are sunk in wealthy sloth :



Give but the will, from peer to clown who delves,  
Their independence men can make themselves;  
They fear no censure, and they ask no leave,  
But form the riches women must receive.  
'Twas not our fate to sink beneath the brand  
Of lawless force, or quit this much-loved land:  
A relative protected us, whose dower  
Was beauty fostered 'neath the wing of power.  
Years fled—the term of anarchy drew near;  
Again the horizon began to clear,  
And yet these streams of blood were vainly spilt—  
A stranger reaps the heritage of guilt:  
'Twas then, from Calais to the Pyrenees,  
Spread o'er the land a cloud of refugees;  
My dear, abandoned parent once more press'd  
His offspring to an isolated breast;  
And the slight gains of toil in exile made,  
A house redeemed, an ancient debt repaid;  
Content and order brought within our power  
A competence, if not a golden shower:  
For he was one who, Patriot above all,  
Prized in his heart these fertile fields of Gaul;  
Ne'er was he known subservient to the great,  
To hawk about his griefs from state to state—

The scourge of kingdoms by intrigues convulsed—  
Flattered by potentates, and then repulsed ;  
Ne'er did he turn the Austrian from retreat,  
Or aid his languor shameless in defeat,  
Or deem his tongue's sweet purity well lost  
Midst Russians, girt by Hyperborean frost ;  
And if at seasons he was known to sigh  
For privileges past, and claims gone by,  
Such was his candour on that point, a friend  
Respected customs he might not defend :  
Here I disclaim, impartial for the dead,  
Slight proffered towards a venerated head.  
But used to reign as master and as lord,  
By parents humoured, by his wife adored,  
He swayed his household with a despot rod ;  
All shunned his glance and trembled at his nod.  
Yet was my sire (though stern and hard to win,  
With strangers harsh, and distant with his kin,  
Abroad resolved, or captious in dispute,  
At home morose, self-willed, and absolute,)  
Led by a daughter indolently grave,  
Demure and torpid as a Georgian slave ;  
For Athalie, my sister, large and fair,  
Five years the youngest, had a languid air,

And her blue vacant eyes for aye lay hid  
In drowsy stillness 'neath their half-closed lid :  
Vainly I strove to give that air of ease  
Which half arises from the wish to please—  
That happy polish, gained without expense,  
The fruit of tact, and guiltless of pretence ;  
A sluggishness, o'er all her actions spread,  
Appeared to weigh—preponderate as lead :  
Yet have I learnt, and dearly to my cost,  
Cunning will lodge where culture may be lost ;  
No foe is more inveterate than a fool,  
No stream so noxious as a stagnant pool.  
But I was lively, thoughtless,—with regret  
Forced to retirement,—and perchance coquette ;  
A splendid circle, whose illusions gay  
Inspire our dreams—the front box at the play—  
The last new fashion—a fop's transient sigh,  
Pleased my weak heart, and bid my pulse beat high.  
Such were my carnal wanderings, which by turn  
Made the young simper, and the old look stern ;  
Rash frankness—of the faults our sex pay dear,  
The first great error is—to be sincere ;  
E'en in the pact that forms our bliss or woe,  
The soul is captured while the lips cry no.

Thus, but ill tamed and tutored to the yoke,  
I lost my birth-right for an idle joke ;  
In the paternal mansion kept aloof,  
But lightly prized, and subject to reproof:  
Meanwhile life wasted, day succeeded day,  
Months followed months, and seasons passed away,  
In that contracted circle, where its chief  
Allowed no change, himself lent no relief:  
Ne'er were we known the evenings to beguile  
With harmless converse and the social smile ;  
But oft a frown repressed some rising truth,  
Slipt from my heedless and unconscious youth.  
Yet Athalie was favoured ; oh ! whate'er  
She said or did was reckoned just and fair :  
But she so timed her influence, played her part  
With such discretion, and with so much art,  
Parried his gloomy fits with such reserve,  
She might be said to rule by strength of nerve.  
'Tis ever thus ;—but wiser, happier they  
Who follow Nature, nay, sometimes obey,  
But dare call into aid her latent fire,  
When duty and prerogative require,  
Than the cold despot who can quite shut out  
Her purest dictates, and exist without :

He but deceives himself, his arts are vain,  
Each human being's made to feel a chain;  
And the vain-glorious man, the least resigned,  
Is but as some slight bulwark undermined.

'Twas on a winter's evening, we drew nigh  
The friendly hearth; the faggot blazed on high—  
It lit my father's face:—I view him now;  
Unwonted gladness stole upon his brow;  
Unwonted, for the furrowed track of care  
Had left small room for milder influence there;  
And in his hand triumphantly he bore  
A letter, which he still scanned o'er and o'er;  
Our own the interest, for, a pause indulged,  
He spoke at last—the secret was divulged.  
In that long term of exile, Fate had spread  
Protracted evils on his careworn head;  
An alien harassed between doubts and fears—  
A foreign language sounding in his ears—  
Unknown, unpitied, left without a guide,  
While poverty advanced, whose hasty stride  
Might claim, in concert with a fell disease,  
A victim nurtured on the lap of ease.  
Then did relenting Heaven in mercy send  
That best of earthly gifts, a faithful friend:

For no church plate was seen at vestry door  
To canvass for his use the glittering store ;  
No zealous preacher brought about a deed  
Yielded to fashion, though refused to need :  
A fellow-sufferer in the cause of truth,  
Endued with native strength and vigorous youth,  
Watched o'er his pillow, smoothed the patient's bed,  
Soothed all his cares, and propp'd his aching head :  
Vilbel became his comforter and nurse,  
And emptied for his friend a scanty purse.  
Then, as once more the glorious orb of day  
Chased frenzy's dark and fitful dreams away,  
As at Hygeia's fount still more and more  
He drained her magic gifts at every pore,  
He vowed, should Fortune's fickle wheel turn round,  
Should he again behold his natal ground,  
And bathe again with warm delicious tears  
Those tokens of his love in happier years,  
His eldest born should be bestowed on one  
He prized so high, and longed to call a son ;  
Could he give more to him who saved his life  
Than his own child—a chaste and virtuous wife ?  
He added, Now the destined term draws near—  
The pledge is solemn, positive, and clear ;

Prepare, Therese, the summons to fulfil ;  
'Tis my last wish—respect a father's will ;  
No time for after-thought ; my word redeem—  
Give me that proof of love and self-esteem :  
This letter tells me, (for the die is cast,)  
A suitor greets you ere three days are past.  
Risk no reply ; when rank and means agree—  
When the world sanctions, and both sides are free :  
Talk not of fate—of destinies above ;  
I am a sceptic in the code of love :  
Soon must these girlish scruples quit your breast ;  
Time and the wedded state will do the rest.  
Curb, too, your language ; live upon a plan ;  
A light discourse offends an honest man—  
An idle word gives many a bitter hour  
To a fond husband, jealous of his power ;  
May Wit and Fancy revel side by side—  
But, oh ! let Reason be their mutual guide,  
To check the current of the double tide.  
You, Athalie, all envious thoughts assuage,—  
Staff of my years, and child of my old age,  
For ever present, still for ever dear,—  
Watch to the last a broken sire's career ;  
A few short seasons guard a sacred trust,  
'Till these grey scanty locks be turned to dust.

From this example learn the wretched lives  
Of faithless husbands and abandoned wives,—  
The source of all the evils that infest  
The first of social contracts, and the best ;  
For as our sex they hasten to refine,  
They teach us music, painting, and design,  
To fix the gaze—to captivate and please—  
To grace a ball-room, and to move with ease,—  
There, when some dear adorer has made known  
His vows—too oft responsive to our own,  
Imparts his sighs, and tells his amorous tale  
In tones harmonious,—how unused to fail,—  
A parent, to obtain some private end,—  
A brother, guardian, nay, at times a friend,—  
For his own interest, tears the veil away,  
Without reprieve, evasion, or delay,—  
And basely sells us, parcelled off, like birds  
In gilded cages, or as flocks and herds.

The dreaded suitor came, nor came in vain,  
While delegated virtues crowd his train.  
But, oh ! the fortune that trucks town for town,  
Trafficks whole states, turns kingdoms upside down,  
Befriended my poor hopeless lot, for ne'er  
Had she a favourite worthier of her care



Than he, who now in all the bloom of life  
Knelt at my feet, and claimed me as a wife.  
Conceive a form perfect as that upborne  
By flaming coursers which lead out the morn,  
Made to inspire a gazing world's delight,  
And such as sculpture lends the god of light,—  
Yet with a brow in all its native charms—  
Free, frank, intrepid—a young Mars in arms ;  
Such, then, was Vilbel ; amidst tempests nurst,  
His virtues or defects, the best and worst,  
Lay bare, as though he scorned the vulgar throng,  
Who wear the common mask to veil a wrong :  
Yes, Agnes, ere ten rapid suns had run  
Their daily course, e'en this poor heart was won ;  
I, who had viewed so oft the sapless growth  
Of hacknied folly 'midst luxurious sloth,  
Had marked her votaries, borne on pleasure's gale,  
Cringing and prostrate at the feet of Baal,  
With just a clue, between their pride and pelf,  
To glean their history—and that clue was self,—  
Felt charmed by this apostate from the rule—  
One left untainted in so false a school—  
Not marred by syren arts, or soured by hate,  
But formed and mellowed 'midst the storms of Fate.

Pass we the courtship of a brain-sick maid,  
Has not each strolling boy his serenade—  
Each hamlet its Anacreon, at whose nod  
Clowns deck Love's altars, and profane the god?  
The marriage was deferred,—nor fixed before  
Lent's holy fasts and sacred rites were o'er;  
Meanwhile left uncontrolled until the hour  
Should change the parent's for a husband's power,  
(Blest privilege! how quick those moments fly  
Which form the prologue to the nuptial tie!—  
Brief space! when man's will, headstrong and o'ergrown,  
Is check'd, and woman dare assert her own :)  
Joined by my sister, 'neath the sheltering wing  
Of a fond lover, I too sought the ring  
Where thousands offer homage, and incline  
With servile awe at Fashion's glittering shrine.  
'Twas at the epoch when all Europe lay  
Careworn and spent beneath a conqueror's sway,—  
Egypt had felt the yoke, and bowed the knee,—  
From German thralldom Italy was free,—  
But, careless of the gift, had placed e'en now  
Her iron crown on his victorious brow;  
While France, dear native France, profusely shed  
Her purest blood; young Liberty had fled,

But in its place a glorious veil was cast  
O'er that dark era, which eclipsed the past,  
While the Imperial Eagle in its flight,  
Seemed fraught with thunders from the throne of light,  
And spread the mighty pinion that unfurled  
Hung on its nest, and scared the western world.  
Nor less did Paris thrive beneath the sword  
Of one who gave as prince and reigned as lord :  
Triumphal arches issued at his nod,  
And marble thresholds owned a magic rod ;  
The Louvre's splendid corridors unfold  
Their alabaster treasures, gems, and gold,  
While the rich stuccoed walls with pictures vie  
With genius fostered 'neath a southern sky ;  
And as each brilliant festival drew near,  
Gay rose the morn, the sun shone bright and clear,  
As though its rays propitiously were shed  
On a charmed destiny—a favoured head ;  
And echoing plaudits rung more deep than loud  
From an admiring, an adoring crowd.  
And yet how weak, how fruitless is our trust  
In mortal powers ; O God ! thy ways are just !  
How vain the noblest or the bravest cause,  
Freed from thy yoke and right's eternal laws :

A mighty torrent, that sweeps down a hill,  
Wasteful, destructive, and then all is still—  
A flood that rushes with impetuous force,  
Absorbed and buried in its reckless course.  
Has not e'en now Time's sombre wing o'ercast  
Those splendid annals which rejoin the past—  
Chivalry's feats, by modern feats outdone—  
The world twice fought for, and twice lost and won?  
The camp, the congress, diplomatic rings,  
The wiles of courtiers, and the fears of kings;  
Whole empires pillaged, fertile climes uptorn,  
And honest men cajoled, and knaves foresworn;  
Are not these, actions filtered from the rage  
Of rival passions, stamped on history's page,  
And viewed as records of a distant age—  
The student's morning task, the poet's dream,  
The stripling's wonder, and the old man's theme?  
Portentous tales o'er which young maidens weep,  
And wintry ballads to lull babes to sleep?

But now approached the season that gives birth  
To heartless folly and outrageous mirth;  
The carnival assumes its motley coat—  
Her hireling jesters learn their task by rote;  
Now vice makes up its scandalous arrears,  
While holy men, the faithful, are in tears:

And yet, to me, secluded from the view  
Of worldly pomp, the pageantry was new :  
I gazed delighted on the painted pride  
Of gorgeous chariots that moved side by side—  
Upon the crowded balconies ; and then  
The din, the show of masks—of well-dressed men,  
All, all conspired as magic, formed to win  
A mind unskilled and innocent of sin.  
Rapt by the charm, I lingered—above all  
Desired to answer the soft midnight call ;  
Those orgies that maintain their power till shorn,  
They yield their empire to the rising morn ;  
So near his prize, what suitor would impart  
A pang, or thwart the loved one of his heart ?—  
Beneath thy laws, O Venus ! age, gallant,  
Lisps out its vows—the sage is complaisant.  
Yet, must I own it ?—the costumes once hired,  
This ball, so praised, so vaunted, so desired,  
Hung on the spirits, and my joy gave way  
Before a secret and a vague dismay ;  
'Tis that a change alarms us, made to wean  
Our settled habits from life's dull routine ;  
Or that indeed Heaven shews at times its will  
And grants the foresight of impending ill.

My dress was green, conspicuous, and the fold  
Stiff with the flowered embroidery, looped with gold;  
The clasp that bound the girdle was a sun,  
Whose rays diverging met condensed in one;  
These, with a plummy head-dress, made to grace  
The mask of silk that covered half the face,  
Were secret tokens, such as Fancy lends  
In like resorts, and signals to our friends.  
But Vilbel, ('twas his plea,) engaged all day,  
Harassed by business that brooked no delay,  
Was pledged to join us ere receding night  
Had thinned the rooms, and put the gay to flight—  
Ere yet the revels in their full career  
Had passed the climax, or the close drew near.  
'Tis not alone the timid maid may gain  
The Saturnalia of that wild domain :  
Fly, fly the spot—the very air they breathe  
Is foul, is tainted—crime lurks underneath,  
And vice and deep-laid treachery prowl by turn  
Clothed in the guise of mirth and unconcern.

Amongst the scanty few disposed to bide  
By those reduced in all but ancient pride,  
There was a widow, though her source of woe,  
Her wedded claims, I never yet might know ;

Well bred, intriguing, lively ; for the rest,  
Fine to profusion, and a flirt confest :  
Now shunned, now courted ; heard, if not believed ;  
Despised perhaps at heart, but well received.  
To this chaperon of dark insidious mind,  
My sister and myself were then consigned ;  
For she could bend to every taste, and still  
Had art enough to gain my sire's good will.

You, Agnes, ever humble, doomed to know  
But one rude track, and that in scenes of woe,  
Can scarce conceive amidst retirement's shade  
The motley chaos of a masquerade :  
Here old and young of every rank unite  
In one bright round of riotous delight ;  
The Prince, the Turk, the Courtier, and the Clown,  
Are terms that metamorphose half the town ;  
Add to all this the murmurs that confuse,  
False cries that spring from groups and rendezvous,  
Sounds artificial which the ear fatigue,  
Caught in the mazy labyrinth of intrigue,  
And you might think the wild, tumultuous mirth  
Was Babel's curse, once more devolved on earth,  
And right and wrong, truth, falsehood, bad and good,  
More keenly canvassed, as least understood.

But what's amusement, but escape from grief?  
Anticipation is life's best relief :  
The object of caprice, the wished-for prize  
We grasped, dear flattery to our hearts and eyes ;  
Yet could it with ideal musing cope ?  
No ! pale completion of our early hope !  
Scarce had we reached the promised goal, and yet  
Already we began to feel regret ;  
The night advanced, the lamp's expiring glare  
Foretold the close—yet Vilbel came not there :  
Vainly we searched, we wandered round the room  
In hope to signal out his known costume.  
Vain were our efforts, though we plied full well  
The crowded galleries of that vast hotel ;  
Till, mingled in the thickest of the rout,  
Elbowed and flurried, faint and quite worn out,  
Across the motley ranks we forced a way,  
And gained our chambers by the break of day ;  
There, where thick curtains tempering to the sight  
The rising sun, admit a doubtful light,  
Fantastic visions float upon the brain,  
And lingering dreams instil a feverish pain,  
Till milder powers dispel the fumes, and steep  
Our wearied senses in all-conquering sleep.



Profound indeed that slumber, for 'twas noon  
Ere I appeared within our small saloon.  
Here takes its rise the source of inward strife,  
Whence sprung my after destiny in life :  
There was a letter—yes, it lay confest,  
The hateful writing to myself addrest ;  
Judge ; from conclusions thus obliquely thrown,  
Collect its import, and then make your own :—

“ Flighty I always deemed you, but till now  
Could ne'er believe, that on the heavenly brow  
Where sportive gaiety braves the hand of time,  
That very mirth was near allied to crime ;  
I trusted fondly, doted, and believed,  
Until last night, and then was undeceived.  
The pang is mastered, though the shock was rough ;  
That damning secret is revealed—enough.  
Spare explanation, fruitless sorrow spare,  
A woman's frailties are beyond repair :  
Let those who will ascribe to stars and fate  
The slurs that tarnish the connubial state,  
There still are formalists, and I am one—  
Females to me are virtuous or undone ;  
I have the force which grants a spotless name,  
And courage of all kinds but that of shame ;

Yet marriage contracts once resolved, are still  
Imperious, binding, nor abjured at will ;  
Your sire would deem the blood of all his race  
For ever tainted by this last disgrace.  
What then remains—to combat or to fly ?  
And wherefore ?—ask your conscience, and reply.  
Small fame in flush of manhood to withstand  
An aged father's weak though furious hand ;  
But 'tis not his preserver who shall lave  
His sword in blood, and take the life he gave :  
Know then the issue—let what will betide—  
Learn the requital of offended pride—  
In your own sister now behold my bride.  
Yes—Athalie, marked out for single life,  
A nurse too useful to be spared as wife,  
Spurns a decree thus impotently vain,  
And re-asserts her rights, and bursts her chain ;  
Nor can a parent's arbitrary nod  
Cancel great Nature's laws, or those of God :  
To gain this end all means are just and true ;  
From her—from me, receive a last adieu.  
A few short weeks, and lo ! we tread the shore  
Round which the wide Atlantic billows roar,—  
Where Liberty her standard has unfurl'd,  
And giv'n her charter to a rising world :

Disperse the storm—reflect—be frank or mute—  
As you have sown this discord, reap the fruit.”

Was this the man but late intent to please—  
Had he the force to write such words as these?  
Where was the taste so delicately fine,  
That once pervaded every tender line?  
’Tis true, then, when these jealous fancies strike,  
The brain is touched, and all men are alike.

Who can describe the fury of my sire,  
His baffled prospects, and his frenzied ire!  
He who, self-willed, unquestioned, uncontrolled,  
Had ever found an artless child too bold;  
There, where his stoic soul had somewhat lost  
Of its stern bias—there the man was cross’d.  
Meanwhile the rumour, the disastrous tale,  
Spread far and wide, was borne on every gale:  
’Tis sweet to mend the world, but sweeter still  
To raise our merits by our neighbour’s ill;  
With one sharp homily of rigorous thought,  
Sure wisdom’s privilege is cheaply bought.  
First on the list our late obsequious guide  
Reports the ebbings of each adverse tide;  
No one more free to tell what hints abound,  
What thoughts are fostered, and what tales go round—

To echo back a busy wondering crowd,  
Add to the mass, and then condole aloud.  
So when again I ventured to appear  
In public haunts, what whispers met my ear!  
The careless greeting, worse than stern reproof,  
Struck to my heart, while others kept aloof:  
Yet, 'mongst those sheltered by the name of wife,  
Could all support the retrospect of life?  
Alas! fond husbands! in your doting creed,  
Love has then bound his bandage fast indeed!  
Like kings, alone, detached amidst a host,  
Ye learn the latest what concerns you most.  
But, from this ill-starred moment, day by day  
My father languished, and his health gave way:  
These shocks are dread in youth, but undermine  
The stoutest courage in our life's decline;  
For mental powers partake the common doom,  
And minds superior are like flowers in bloom;  
Nor can remount the course of time, or cast  
An after-splendour when their hour is past.  
He judged me guiltless; with that thought allied  
His best and dearest blessing, ere he died.

Behold me free then, on the wide world thrown—  
A helpless female, desolate, alone,

And poor as widowed matrons, who withdraw  
Their hard-earned pittance from the grasp of law.  
Where find a shelter?—To shun worldly care,  
Enter a convent's gloomy precincts—there  
Meet, in its place, rank envy and despair?  
Or, should I gather up my means, and wait  
For the next favouring breeze to cross the strait,  
Profess to teach young maidens, and beguile  
Some captious beauty of that sea-girt isle,—  
Nor friend, nor servant,—with dependent sloth  
Nursed in amphibious guise between them both,—  
For aye condemned a middle state to know—  
Too proud for menials, for the rich too low?  
Sweet France! what native but, beneath the vine,  
Loves thee more dearly as he drinks thy wine?  
Here happier, though poor, than a wealthy guest  
For ever banished from thy fostering breast.  
These worldly visions of impure desire  
I learned to stifle in this plain attire;  
And if e'en now, while tracing back the past,  
My thoughts have erred, these wanderings are my last;  
My true vocation 'neath this robe of serge  
Is fixed—that call was Folly's funeral dirge.

Hear but the sequel—mark the power divine  
In this sad hist'ry, for 'tis God's own sign:—

The stormy clouds above our head long nursed,  
In crashing thunders fell, and rudely burst ;  
The grandest, best of armies had been lost,  
Struck by the hardships of a northern frost ;  
It stretched upon the Tartar's barren plains  
The grey-haired veteran spared by ten campaigns ;  
A great man's fortune verged to its decline,  
For Europe's hostile powers had passed the Rhine ;  
The meanest hamlet, amidst war's alarms,  
Gave its boy-soldier to the world in arms ;  
O'er laurelled brows now vaguely, palely flits  
The star of Wagram—Jena—Austerlitz ;  
Squadrons, whose rapid victories had o'erthrown  
Earth's mightiest empires, trembled for their own.  
Ah ! why recount the fell destroying blade,  
The ceaseless watch, the frequent cannonade,  
The early treachery of those guides of power,  
Fortune's vile slaves, the satraps of an hour,  
And scarce less guilty they whom joy elates—  
Who feast, and sing the conqueror at the gates ;  
While widowed mothers, frantic and forlorn,  
Mourn their last son from their embraces torn,  
And thousands curse that quenchless thirst of wrong,  
Which scours the globe to decimate the throng.

Our hospitals at each revolving sun  
Were choked with victims, and the wards o'errun ;  
There lay the corpse near those who groaned and bled ;  
The maimed, delirious, dying, and the dead,  
In one dense mass—above, around, below—  
Filled the warm, close receptacle of woe.  
No zeal, though strong, a woman's frame might buoy  
To brave the duties of that sad employ.  
Short was the fray—let Clichy's barriers tell  
How its last patriots served their cause full well :  
Stout hands and hearts no menace could appal,  
Armed to avert a bleeding country's fall—  
Myriads without, and treasonous craft within,  
A glorious death was all that they might win !  
But, from the records of that desperate game,  
The long loud echo of eternal fame  
Shall bear their memory to each distant shore,  
When this eventful century is no more,  
And tell Earth's future sons, though pride may fling,  
And waft corruption on its poisonous wing—  
Though twenty years of victory pave the way  
For dire misrule and arbitrary sway—  
Though Anarchy resume her wild career—  
Yet men are found to whom their land is dear ;

Though the state vessel may be tempest-tost,  
Yet final hope is never wholly lost ;  
While martyred heroes from their tombs attest  
This last, best virtue, which survives the rest.  
The foe advanced, regardless of the charms  
Of our gay France, the land of arts and arms !  
The Prussian cohorts, bursting in a flood,  
Recall the past, and cry for spoil and blood ;  
Yet how degenerate from the troops of old,  
Who, marshalled by a leader stern and bold,  
Thronged round their mighty king's triumphant car,  
And bore his trophies in a seven years' war.  
There came the Austrian, last of all his race,  
In conquest mute, and careless in disgrace—  
Shameless—alike dispassionate, and slow  
To treat for peace or render blow for blow ;  
Most apt to back its dull, impassive power  
With faithless contracts and a nuptial dower ;  
While Ban and Arrier-Ban, a countless train,  
From Neva's frozen banks and wild Ukraine—  
A half-tamed horde, who scarce obey their chief,  
To whom peace only can be source of grief,—  
Now follow up a torn and fainting prey,  
As eager hounds attack the stag at bay,



And turn the centre of our tottering state  
To one vast barrack-yard, from gate to gate.  
What then ensued? The fight without a plan—  
The private brawl—the shock of man to man;  
The deep, intense revenge of those who bore  
Their wrongs in secret, but whose hate boils o'er;  
The skirmish in the outskirts; while despair  
Lends the weak nerve, and bids the strong beware.

One morn, returning with each herb or flower  
Whose subtle virtues yield a healing power,  
I heard a shot—a groan—and, in my way,  
Upon the ground a wounded soldier lay;  
While, lance in hand, a mounted Cossack prest  
The point, directed at the Frenchman's breast.  
I cannot say what sudden spell, what charm  
Bestowed the force, or strung a woman's arm;  
But, bounding as the thrust he would have dealt,  
I snatched a loaded pistol from his belt,  
And, ere the shock might counsel a retreat,  
I laid the fierce marauder at my feet.  
But death was marked upon his victim's face;  
The vital stream gushed forth and ebbed apace:  
Yet judge, dear Agnes, of my sad surprise;  
For, in those haggard looks and glazed eyes,

And in that matchless form, but lately shorn  
Of all its pride, now prostrate and forlorn,  
To whom a humble Sister served for shield,  
Was the once gallant Vilbel now revealed.  
But what availed our care! The shades of night  
Hung o'er his brow—the soul was near its flight.  
To tend our patient, gain a brief delay—  
To soothe his anguish, and to kneel and pray—  
'Twas all we could: for medicine's useful lore  
Must have its bounds, where art can do no more.

In one of those brief moments, when the throes  
Of anguish cease, and weakness is repose,  
That twilight splendour, whose vague lessening ray  
Flings a false lustre o'er the close of day,  
Prepared to meet the worst—life's shortened span,  
He called to mind the past, and thus began:—

“ Since the dark hour when jealous fury broke  
Your chain, and cast aside a hateful yoke,  
Some cruel harpy seemed at hand to blight  
Each daily comfort, and attend our flight.  
The fixed resolve of baffled pride was fled;  
No cherished infant graced a barren bed:  
My wife in pensive sadness ever bore  
A constant yearning for her natal shore:

I marked her brow ; a settled gloom was there  
No love might chase, and kindred to despair ;  
No power could lend a permanent relief  
To innate languor nurst by secret grief.  
The shadowy woods, the rolling floods that sweep  
In widening channels to the mighty deep ;  
A nation wealthy, but not overgrown—  
Peaceful, yet able to maintain its own ;  
True to the laws, though prompt to grant redress,—  
Yet wisely formed to curb each rude excess ;  
These, then, were sights designed to check the sighs  
Of grief, and spread before admiring eyes ;  
And yet to her was this a clime disgraced—  
The soil unblest—America a waste ;  
Waves without freshness, woods devoid of green,  
And the young landscape neither felt nor seen ;  
Freedom a dream by reason disavowed,  
And Franklin's brethren but a vulgar crowd.  
The hectic on her cheek, and mining sin,  
Betrayed the ravage ; the foe lurked within :  
No art might ward the stroke ; her dying glance  
Fell distant from our much-loved land of France.  
Her late confession of a past offence  
Became my judgment, and your best defence.

You may remember well with what regret  
I waived the useful forms of etiquette ;  
In every festive scene I moved your guide,  
And you were welcomed an affianced bride ;  
Matters of moment, I had said, outweighed  
My instant presence at the masquerade,  
*Though pledged to join you ere receding night  
Had thinned the rooms and put the gay to flight.*  
Know this omission, then, of courtship's laws,  
Was a pretext alleged, and not the cause ;  
Warned, (at this hour I own it to my shame,)  
I trusted in a scroll without a name ;  
For on yourself the artful writer threw  
The odium of a guilty rendezvous.  
It marked the hour and place—that festive scene—  
A lone alcove,—your dress of gold and green,—  
My rival, a fop known from east to west,  
Whom rakes admire, and anxious sires detest :  
' Dissemble rather, and meet guile by guile ;  
With a sad heart be gay, and learn to smile ;  
Feign an excuse, as though you kept aloof,  
And let your own conviction seal reproof.'  
Such was its import : on a point so nice,  
I madly acted upon false advice ;

The lone alcove, the guilty rendezvous  
I sought, and fancied that I gazed on you :  
This was the gnawing worm that brought my wife  
With latent sorrow to the close of life ;  
Dying, she owned that, to obtain the price—  
Your love's reversion—this was her device :  
'Twas late you left your home ; but ere you sought  
That fatal ball-room, the foul play was wrought ;  
Her's was the scroll ; the form in gold and green  
Was, she confessed it, her own maid Justine—  
Partly the dupe, and partly confidante ;  
And that rash lover, the soubrette's gallant.  
On hints so dark, you ask, why cease to trust ?—  
Why is suspicion blind, mankind unjust ?  
Why does our sex, soon tainted at the core,  
Distrust the very mistress they adore,  
And deem ye false ; is pure and spotless truth  
Banished from all their ways in early youth ?  
Could blameless vows a blameless life unfold,  
And mutual faith revive the age of gold,  
No pestilential gales the blossoms nip,—  
Might candour speak—the heart upon the lip—  
What wars were spared, what ills would cease to flow,  
What care abridge the catalogue of woe,

And simply bind to frailty's common lot  
The young, the aged, and the throne and cot!  
" In restless anguish what remained of night  
I passed; the dawn rose hateful to my sight:  
Far from my native land, and far from thee,  
To shun dishonour, was my fixed decree.  
One parting interview I longed to gain,  
And vent the fury which oppressed my brain:  
I sought your roof; in absence of its lord,  
Came Athalie; your father was abroad.  
I, while you slept, accused her with a league  
And base connivance in a dark intrigue.  
To her protest—to this wild storm of grief,  
Succeeded, as is wont, a blind belief;  
For man's affections are innately led  
To prize the friend of her he's pledged to wed;  
'Tis the twin sister of a beauteous dove,  
And complaisance is near allied to love.  
That calm tranquillity and mild repose  
Charmed—it became the balm of all my woes;  
Like to the bow, whose still auspicious birth  
Is Hope's best arbinger, and peace on earth.  
Yet the time fled; I blindly took for guide  
The first keen impulse of offended pride;

Employed the space to mitigate the sin  
Of broken friendship—that fair hand to win :  
My conquest was complete ; a near relay  
From crowded cities bore us far away :  
Beyond pursuit we cross the waves that roar  
Between Columbia and our natal shore ;  
Yet vainly hope, in these new regions cast,  
To enjoy the present or forget the past.

“ But the news reached me, widower and alone,  
Of that gigantic system overthrown :  
Moscow was burnt ; and, at the funeral pyre,  
Nations were roused by its tremendous fire.  
Portentous flame ! whose sparks electric ran  
From throne to throne, and then from man to man ;  
As the prophetic finger laid in dust  
The proud Belshazzar on his seat of lust ;  
Those glowing embers spread o’er land and sea  
This warning—Be united, bold, and free.  
In happier times, when most were proud to earn  
An emperor’s smile, to shift at every turn—  
When ribbons bound the strong—when young and old  
Were caught, like Danaë, in a shower of gold—  
Rank, wealth, court favour, privilege, and fame—  
All I renounced, to guard a spotless name :

No servile bigot to the creed that braves  
A nation's voice, which is but formed for slaves ;  
There was a moment I too thought the hour  
Auspicious that annulled abuse of power :  
Love to the monarch—equal laws, that bind  
The knave, but leave the guiltless unconfined—  
Such was the day-dream of a generous mind :  
But when a faction glared in open day—  
When bold rebellion threw the mask away—  
When that august and royal blood was shed,  
And holy exiles begged their daily bread—  
By the same rule I scorned all reckless might,  
Which tramples under foot eternal right ;  
But now the man were curs'd who could forego  
His king and country for that treacherous foe,  
Who, with the grandest prize, the world, at stake,  
Still rivets fast the chain 'tis pledged to break :  
Then to remain supine in guilty sloth,  
Or aid the stranger, were to stab them both.

“ In Europe once more launched, without a pause  
I chose the weaker though the nobler cause :  
Oh ! fruitless contest ! chased from lair to lair,  
Our scattered patriots dared what men may dare ;  
In that short, dreadful, agonizing strife,  
They rendered blood for blood, and life for life ;



And like sepulchral lamps, whose wasting fire  
Glares hideous in the gloom, at last expire.  
You see before you (calm this wild dismay)  
Another victim to a ceaseless fray :  
My only comforter, in hour of need,  
Is my once destined bride ! thus Heaven decreed.  
Is this, angelic herald from above,  
The Christian maid's revenge of injured love ?"  
He paused, exhausted, with fatigue opprest ;  
His eyes were closed in sleep—he sunk to rest.  
I deemed the danger past : misled by this,  
Indulged in schemes of visionary bliss ;  
Hope gilds the future, and before me lies  
The smiling prospect in a gay disguise.  
Vain hope ! when, hanging o'er the sufferer's bed,  
I next approached—a noble soul was fled.  
Interred he sleeps beneath the cypress shade,  
And near the spot where Abelard is laid.  
But soon as earth revives, in plenteous showers  
I deck my lover's tomb with early flowers,  
Invoke His mercy who alone can save,  
And rear the Cross above a soldier's grave.

**THE MAGIC LANTERN;**

**A Satire.**



## THE MAGIC LANTERN;

*A Satire.*

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'Tis Christmas time, when wintry tempests roar,  
While all December's horrors shake the door;  
The clerk from drudgery gains a week's relief,  
And carves in peace the good old English beef.  
Stern heads of families, indulgent grown,  
Relax for once their magisterial frown;  
The children, sated with the annual feast,  
Have eat sufficient for six days at least;  
And few who quit not life's deserted path  
For the kind circle and the social hearth:  
But still the resolution to be gay  
Is oft enough to chase that power away;  
For there are certain properties of soul  
Which, spite of efforts, baffle our control;

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Unsought, or feebly summoned to the call,  
They come spontaneous, or not at all;  
If forced, they turn rebellious, and dispute,  
By their mere sloth, the regime absolute:  
But were their virtue otherwise, we know  
The term is short-lived of all joys below;  
In vain we'd render durable the link  
Of our diversions; still less eat and drink,  
Or laugh, or sing, or dance away the hours,  
And deck their light wings with eternal flowers.

'Twas thus a Christmas evening flagged; when, lo!  
Was heard the welcome sound—"A show! a show!"  
Quick, then, behold the snowy drapery spread,  
But lately destined for a half-made bed;  
You might suppose the dark lugubrious chain  
Of some Freemason mystery in train.  
And now the vagrant artist clears his throat  
From the low under-tone to shrillest note:  
"Gentry," he cries, "I shall not, for your cash,  
Tell you of Darby, Joan, and such like trash;  
For I have stories here, and scenes in troth,  
Worthy the children of a larger growth;  
Characters fit for warriors and sages,  
Manners descriptive of all ranks, all ages;

When Banquo's offspring thro' the thin gauze shine,  
Their forms material look like daubs to mine ;  
In short this box, the chronicle of fashions,  
An abstract of the world and human passions.

“ The first you see, a lawyer, clothed in black,  
(A clerk as grave attends him with a sack,)  
Is blest with strength of lungs, nor leaves a choice  
Before the dreadful thunder of his voice,  
But deals its awful warnings, and lays low  
With peal redoubled his indignant foe ;  
Loud in the courts of justice ; louder still  
When he can dictate his imperious will  
Beneath St. Stephen's roof, where lie unfurl'd  
The laws which govern half the western world ;  
His long and tedious reasoning, his pretence,  
Gives to frivolity the air of sense ;  
How unimportant were the fabric grown,  
If all this heavy scaffolding was down ;  
What neighbours reconciled by neighbours harassed,  
What shelves of dusty parchments disembarassed !  
What peace domestic !—yes, but then 'tis clear,  
The robe would lose some thousand pounds a year ;  
Without it, to be just, who'll waive the rod,  
And awe the set with Plutus for their god ?

Who, deaf to feeling and the orphan's prayers,  
Agents self-named of pleasure and affairs,  
To the abyss first lead their easy prey,  
And, when it's on the brink, then steal away.  
'Tis good that these should know their baneful will  
May find an obstacle that's stronger still;  
To the conclusion sadly we incline,  
Such knaves exist that juster men may dine.  
But when my friend has once approached the scene,  
And fairly thrown the gauntlet on the arene,  
So he can but command our tears or smiles,  
He'll deal in language worthy of St. Giles';  
If he maintain his brief, though he offend,  
What's decency to him?—he gains his end.  
And thus nor age nor sex that claims redress  
Meets with regard, or e'en one sneer the less.  
And yet, unsoiled by vulgar pantomime,  
His style is noble, eloquent, sublime;  
Vainly he argues, of his labours proud,—  
To serve a client all things are allowed;  
There are, there are, interpreters of laws,  
Who can alike respect themselves and cause;  
Firm without passion, can defend or blame,  
And leave a spotless life, and deathless fame:

But 'tis perversion, when a brutal force  
Can mislead sacred justice at the source ;  
When advocates to calumny descend,  
And emulate the culprit they defend.

“ Who is it next upon the prospect nears ?  
The best ally of him who disappears.  
This figure, which has once possessed the brow  
Of an Apollo, looks like Bacchus now ;  
Stiff-necked, and at the season when the train  
Of human passions yields to that of gain :  
The man has lately brought into review  
A husband's wrongs, and opened wounds anew ;  
' The Times ' has told, in columns full of gall,  
What prudence scarce in private may let fall.  
Honour ! thou jewel ! greater far than health,  
Than life !—canst thou be bartered, then, for wealth ?  
The Spaniard, in these ills beyond control,  
With jealous fury grasps the sword or bowl ;  
The Frenchman, for this scandal too gallant,  
Is debonair, obliging, complaisant ;  
Perhaps, all points considered, he may thank  
His generous partner for his—Brevet rank :  
But here is one who braves the public sneer,  
Thinks he cannot be recompensed too dear ;



Makes his proposal an affair of trade,  
And pitifully begs he may be paid ;  
Shews what it is to sport upon his grounds,  
And pockets, in due form, ten thousand pounds !

“ For the old lady, who now comes in turn,  
Of her existence, all that I can learn  
Is, that she owns a sect I shall not name ;  
And yet intolerance is lawful game :  
Her party still their pious claims advance,  
And are to us what Jesuits are to France.  
Although she wishes not the world to know  
Her sins, and would prefer a court—*huis clos* ;  
As the devout must relaxation seek,  
She gives her quiet soirées twice a week ;  
In pure benevolence flings wide her door,  
After the sabbath-day, and just before ;  
There,—if you do not beg to form a ring  
For games profane, or play at cards, or sing,  
Or dance, or gossip praise of foreign climes,  
And quaintly tell the chit-chat of the times,—  
You ’ll have all due amusement upon earth—  
A free access, all inoffensive mirth,  
The mockery of grief, the cant of woe,  
Which some have joined in, and which all must know.

But what of this? the heart's the coin for all;  
Give but the stamp, it answers every call:  
No matter what base metal it may be,  
The public sanctions it; e'en so must we.  
At last the solemn pilgrims steal away,  
Better disciples, and extremely gay:  
By conduct such as none can dare asperse,  
The maids preserve their fame, the men their purse;  
All, on cheap terms, a vast improvement reap;  
And gain their chambers for their—second sleep.  
But vanish, in your turn, and join the rear;  
Give place to one far softer; disappear!  
Thus sunbeams chase the misty clouds away,  
Which but dispute their influence by delay.

“ A lovely female view, whose charms impart  
The gifts of nature, not the works of art:  
Good teeth and eyes, the rest of false alloy—  
The coiffeur's pride—carmine and gems, decoy;  
Much grace, some small-talk, and the person *svelte*,  
To which half Bond-street with its fops have knelt:  
For there are men who might perchance decry  
A too great languor in the soft blue eye;  
Might say, perhaps, that full contours disclose  
Too much insipid stillness and repose.

'Tis true, she is not lettered, or coquette,  
Nor scribbles sonnets in the week's gazette;  
Would not attend the Commons in disguise,  
When ministers solicited supplies :  
But wrong indeed are those disposed to find  
This passiveness the emblem of her mind ;  
Grant women mental powers, with all their train  
Of gifts,—plain sense is worth as much again ;  
And a right judgment, an unbiassed will,  
In wrath a self-command,—more powerful still ;  
A temper such as makes our ties more dear,  
Silence on points that are beyond her sphere ;  
These are her virtues : what may cause a doubt,  
She's fond of dress, and yet can live without ;  
Nor less does decency maintain its throne  
Within that breast whose rules are all her own ;  
Instinctive principles, by Nature traced,  
Which may be scorned, but cannot be effaced :  
Thus no persuasion—not the syren voice  
Of Fashion, or Taste's arbitrary choice,—  
Could make her wear, for personal display,  
To grace a brilliant circle at a play,  
A garb which shows, howe'er arranged with skill,  
A nudity might pass for dishabille :

But well aware that worldly customs bind,  
And loth to seem regardless of mankind,  
She chose a mode so just, no tongue so rude—  
Not Envy's self—could say she was a prude.  
Thus beauties, not enslaved by etiquette,  
Are scarce less hard to gaze on, than forget;  
And languor rifles not the cheek whose doom  
Is marked more surely by a transient bloom.  
Enchanting sex ! from whom all blessings flow,  
Source of all bliss and happiness below,  
Favoured by Nature, to her laws be true ;  
Do this for her who does so much for you !  
Thus, in that tale which claims the silent tear—  
Most flattering homage to thy worth, St. Pierre,  
Whose brilliant fancy and whose glowing page  
May match with pastorals of the classic age—  
The girl her native shame who could repress,  
To aid a negress, wounded, in distress,  
Preferred death rather than, unclothed, to leap  
In arms which might have saved her from the deep ;  
Though pressed by weeping friends within her call,  
Much-loved relations, and her own dear Paul,  
Sunk—mournful choice !—beneath the raging tide,  
And fell a victim to a virtuous pride."

The showman paused, and as he chanced to stoop,  
His dark eye flashed upon the listening group ;  
Where the dim lantern shed its wavering fires,  
On aunts and mothers, daughters and grandsires,  
And curly children, whose extreme surprise  
Clung to the shadowy form, (all mouth and eyes).  
Whate'er the motive which thus made him cast  
That glance around him, it was quickly past.  
'Twas pity, for the movement lent a grace,  
But ill exchanged against the vacant face  
Or drawl that indicates an actor's part,  
Guiltless of sentiment, and learnt by heart ;  
For he his subject who would well reveal,  
To boldly sketch it, must intensely feel.

“ What is this group ?—Behold our youth advance  
In tribes like locusts to the coasts of France ;  
Sick of their native land, away, away,  
Ere the first flow'rets greet the warmth of May ;  
In days when Italy wast left uncursed  
By foes, or tourists—the last plague the worst,  
Indulgently she spread her stores to view,  
And heaped her favours on the chosen few—  
A Goldsmith—Addison—a Montesquieu ;  
Vice still was there, (where spotless is a clime ?)  
But vice unhardened into use by time ;

No foreign fashion lent extraneous aid—  
No delegated lackey, clothed and paid,  
Supplied his lordship (lest these cares should vex)  
With dice, Italian cameos, and the sex ;  
But the rude antiquarian from a throne  
Thundered aloud, and felt that realm his own ;  
Fonder of wisdom than immediate gain—  
As keen as Cicero, and not so vain ;  
Admiring students hung on all he said,  
And drank of science at the fountain head.  
Nor yet was wanting there the amorous leer,  
The midnight dance, the joyous gondolier,  
Feasts, festivals, the song, the masquerade,  
Coffee, rosolio, ice, and lemonade.  
But now the minor, with his new ally,  
An easy tutor, not too keen a spy,  
Crosses the strait to shun his guardian's eye ;  
His first ambition to intrigue betime  
With robas of all tongues and every clime ;  
Yet fashion seems to ask for something more,  
For this, Pangloss must add his classic lore ;  
The terms of art a matchless taste attest,  
And the last travelling guide supplies the rest ;  
So can he lecture on the Florentine,  
Mix praise and censure, term this sketch divine,

Lament his Raphael's premature decay,  
Tintoret's want, and Guido's love of play.  
At length from Florence, which the Fates condemn,  
Fixed as head-quarters for his countrymen,  
He hies to Rome, where all around combined  
Must form the taste and sober every mind ;  
Pictures and sculpture, churches, painted halls,  
And smug trimmed priests, and hoary cardinals,  
Antiquities, and polished Cicerones,  
His banker's card, the conversaziones,  
Celibacy and bachelors in vogue,  
The Pope, his conclave, and the Decalogue  
With one divided clause, one clause struck out,  
Lest heretics should sneer, or votaries doubt :  
Therefore, for Rome the jaded traveller sighs—  
For Rome, the supple servitor replies ;  
Anon the hacks receive the wonted goad—  
The seat of Papal power is quite the mode :  
Alas ! if pride, if this ill-timed pretence,  
If free abandonment of common sense,  
If riches without worth, if vulgar glee,  
If rank divested of its dignity,  
Make us the scorn of all, from bold Milan  
E'en to the crouching Neapolitan,—

"Twere well the sovereign's interposing hand  
Could vindicate a drained and suffering land—  
Could close for once the passage of the main,  
And bind the landlord to his own domain ;  
Reclaim each erring subject, British still—  
And save our honour, though he curb our will.

“ My next in turn 's a justice, whom we find  
To ease, good cheer, and city feasts inclined ;  
A Fishmonger moreover, above par ;  
Profound—a Daniel ! east of Temple Bar ;  
But left precarious Fortune in the lurch,  
Where Tottenham-court-road flanks the lawyer's perch ;  
And worse again whene'er he deem it fit  
To travel west—a fool 'mongst men of wit.  
Woe to the man whose haggard looks and air,  
Your taste offend in the Curulian chair ;  
Unless indeed his innocence be such,  
No trick can make him fall beneath your clutch.  
The gallant soldier, from his early youth,  
Follows a watchword as the voice of truth ;  
Stern without bias, from the lawful source  
He draws alike consistency and force :  
But how should those pretend to form a school  
Who are themselves devoid of sense or rule ?—



Who know not where inveterate custom sins,  
Where freedom ends, and anarchy begins ?  
Blest climate ! where the sounds congenial ring,  
The King and country, country and the King !—  
Where no vague forms or precedents confound,  
And citizens their own excess can bound ;  
There may the cheerful countryman who delves,  
Forbear, and leave his rulers to themselves ;  
He still may live, contented, virtuous, gay,  
Beneath his monarch's mild, paternal sway ;  
For Reason's laws depend not upon time—  
Attend all governments, and every clime ;  
Her rules are sure, unerring, weighed, and known—  
By negroes valued 'neath a burning zone :  
Where these are overlooked, what ills combined  
Shock every manly taste and feeling mind !  
Thus, when a lawyer's judgment, over nice,  
Withdraws his Honour's privilege from vice,  
The noxious drug is then proclaimed aloud,  
And hawked about for sixpence to the crowd.  
Hence, too, your village Magdalenes in tears  
Are hunted down by crafty overseers ;  
And rustic Lovelaces, without remorse,  
Are led in bands to church almost by force ;

What then? Societies their Bibles give  
To those whose first great problem is to live!  
Nay, doctors cross the ocean to unfold  
Their faith, to spread their principles and gold.  
Throw off this Stoic pride, forbear to roam,  
And your enthusiasm may find vent at home;  
Cancel Draconic laws, and plainly seek  
To keep your servants, and assist the weak.  
These are our evils; but yet, not the less,  
Nations our matchless power and fame confess:  
Attached to conquest, though a sea-girt isle;  
Subtle, yet bold—refined, yet mercantile;  
Formed more to strike with wonder than to please—  
Dauntless on land, and mistress of the seas;  
Dreaded where'er our banners are unfurled,  
For what *was* Rome, *is* England to the world.  
Yet hope we, with improvement's dawning ray,  
This sad abuse of power must pass away;  
Some minds, above the spirit of the age,  
May yet transmit their toils to history's page;  
Nor will the fabric be upreared unknown—  
A minister has laid the corner stone:  
Already a relief we owe to one  
Whose gaze has nobly dared to face the sun;

And though we may not measure by our sight  
The eagle's passage to those realms of light,  
Yet may we judge the grandeur of its flight.  
Mistrust, indeed, will meet the views with scorn,  
Which pass to generations yet unborn ;  
So Galileo's heart indignant burns,  
Imprisoned—still he cries, ' It turns, it turns !'  
Though narrow selfishness, and wounded pride,  
And folly with presumption for its guide,  
Must have their day, truth reigns o'er time and rust,  
When the oppressor's power is in the dust.

“ This figure is a bard, whom you see pass  
Last in the row, the corner of the glass :  
What pleasure others take in dress, he feels  
In his soiled pumps, and stockings down at heels ;  
His raven locks dishevelled, collar bare,  
His vacant looks, and Anglo-German air ;  
A vampire, franchised from its charnel den—  
A spectre loose among the haunts of men.  
Alas ! permit a friend, without offence,  
To advise more modesty, and less pretence :  
You 've talent, we agree ; but, were it such  
Oxford might boast of, and ten times as much—  
A language pure, an energy divine—  
With Milton's force, Pope's soft harmonious line—

To pass in company for weak at root,  
Is but to trample envy under foot ;  
Gains grace with those as mediocre classed,  
Who pardon all things but their worth surpassed :  
Say too, when chance your spleen some wrong relates  
In prose which follows hard the night's debates—  
One bard's delirious ravings to another—  
One pedant's heavy verbiage to his brother,—  
Think you these party feuds will fill the town,  
Ring far and wide, turn London upside-down ?—  
The learned circle, as the world now goes,  
Is much more circumscribed than you suppose :  
The sailor, bold, impervious, who for goal,  
A fresh adventurer, seeks the Arctic Pole,—  
The sturdy countryman, who not in vain  
Lays down his offering when he stores the grain,—  
The manufacturer, whose inventions, spread,  
Keep fifteen hundred families in bread,—  
Of all those busy thousands, in a word,  
How many read your poems ?—not a third.  
But not the less may genius aspire,  
For ' every labourer is worth his hire.'  
To reign imperious over chance and fate,  
To people fancy's regions, and create—

Instructive, philosophic, serious, gay—  
To bring a new existence into play,  
To grace a lady's toilet, to be read  
By fond disciples, or by men well-bred,  
Destined to sooth misfortune, to delight,  
And cheer the tedious hours of live-long night,—  
These are thy claims: the prize is fair enough,  
Though useful trades be formed of stronger stuff.  
Leave forward imbecility its rules,  
And practices of art to quacks and fools;  
Above pretension, as a taste refined  
Soars o'er the common traffic of mankind."

Here stopped our man; and, gathering in a pack  
The slight machinery, placed it on his back;  
Then one imploring look around him threw,  
Begged for his fee, and took a last adieu.

For me, his cant I've laboured to rehearse,  
In terms respectable, and decent verse;  
Besides, I gave him the collected purse.  
And now I simply leave for your surmise  
His pert remarks, and history, or disguise.

**A TRIBUTE**  
**TO**  
**THE MEMORY OF LAFAYETTE.**



**A TRIBUTE**  
**TO**  
**THE MEMORY OF LAFAYETTE.**

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**SOME fifty years ago, a generous race,  
The weary slave of self-imposed disgrace,  
Broke through its iron bonds, by time made fast,  
And firmly shewed a giant's strength at last.  
The tempest burst ! and dreadful was the shock ;  
The throne gave way, though built upon a rock ;  
And what had weathered many a trying hour  
Bowed to a people conscious of its power.  
Yet, grant 'tis awful—dangerous, to unloose  
Ties long endeared, and sanctified by use ;  
To curb the waywardness of human will,  
And recompose a state, is harder still :**



So, when the multitude, no more at bay,  
Saw all its ruthless tyrants swept away,  
Aghast and panic-struck, it looked around,  
As if the whirlwind passed o'er holy ground !  
Then begged of Heaven a wise and virtuous chief,  
The living symbol to a new belief,  
Between two camps the mediator placed—  
Rainbow of hope—a landmark in the waste !

God heard their prayer ! The Hero we regret  
Then first appeared :—that chief was Lafayette !  
See the young patriot spurn the dull career  
Of titled grandeur for a healthier sphere,  
Crowned with such palms as freeborn men may tend  
For their bold leader's rival—comrade—friend :  
Such gives America to him who draws  
A tempered weapon in her righteous cause !

His known experience, chasing vain alarms,  
With skill condensed a nation under arms :  
Sublime invention of a vigorous mind !—  
Most holy league !—with Union, Force combined !  
Uprose the soldier “ bearded as the pard,”  
And Paris formed in haste her Civic Guard.  
Yet, if the summer sky, that lately wore  
A smiling aspect, soon was clouded o'er,

Let not the Sybarites—who viewed the close  
Of public discord, and from partial woes  
Have reaped the fruit, a long-desired repose—  
Condemn too harshly feuds and party rage,  
Those frightful epochs of a venturous age.  
Turn rather that dark leaf; with anger fired,  
Gaze we on what the Roman most admired—  
The just man, unappalled by fear or hate,  
And greatly struggling with the storms of fate.  
For Austria's Punic faith is aye the same,  
Damned thro' whole centuries to opprobrious fame;  
Well worthy thou the prize of envious sloth—  
The hollow treaty—violated oath;  
The Lion-heart\* in subtle toils waylaid,—  
For thy best feat is still an ambuscade:—  
Olmütz,\* perchance, had been his mortal grave;  
There Power entombed a victim, not the slave,—  
But that a youthful conqueror heard the sigh  
Of suffering worth, and cut the Gordian tie.  
Yet when the social attributes that bind  
The common mass, fall sapped and undermined,

\* Richard Cœur de Lion, of England, was imprisoned by the Duke of Austria. Lafayette was imprisoned, at Olmütz, by the Emperor of Austria.

Ages are crowded in a lapse of years,  
And men, swayed blindly by their hopes or fears,  
Rush headlong, without compass, o'er the breach,  
To some far-distant bourne, which few may reach.  
So the state prisoner, by an arm of strength  
To his dear native soil restored at length,  
Sought the companions who in earlier life  
Shared the hot, fiery brunt of civil strife :  
Fatigue, war, outlawry, the guillotine—  
Had snatched them from the forum's broad arene ;  
While a fresh progeny, scarce seen before,—  
Heralds that ushered forth a new aurore,—  
Pardoned a despot in the man who wrings  
Benighted myriads from the grasp of kings.

Then Lafayette, inflexibly severe,  
Unmoved and steadfast through a long career,  
Still proof against dominion's syren charm,  
Made, in retreat, Lagrange his Sabine farm.  
But Fate, with slow, though sure, resistless march,  
Blasted the yet half-built Triumphal Arch ;  
The blazing comet of the Hundred Days  
Sunk in the ocean, ne'er again to raise  
A conflagration, whose swift sparks might roll  
Its all-devouring flame from pole to pole. .

Confederate armies, with the Cossack's lance,  
Recalled the execrated race to France.

Like some old dreamer, by false wiles allied  
To a gay, teeming, buxom, youthful bride,  
She bore it fifteen years; then had recourse  
To the last plea of ill-matched pairs—divorce.

The dark-eyed heroine, in despair, unfurled  
The flag whose rustling woke a drowsy world;  
And, as a lion's mane may brush the wing  
Of some rash fly, shook off a perjured king.  
Europe beheld the punishment of crime,—  
Sight unexampled, mournful, yet sublime!—  
Screened by the stranger—brought in with their train  
Of baggage-waggons—but expelled again;  
Traversed the realm 'midst silence, that might teach  
A lesson far more eloquent than speech;  
Hailed by no subjects' faint expressed desire,  
For Cherbourg saw the Dynasty expire.  
A breathing moment from this work of hate  
The leaders gained, to prop the tottering state,—  
Till, from the chaos opening on the sight,  
The star of Freedom rose—and there was light!  
Our matchless Veteran, as in "Eighty-nine,"  
The living emblem—a regenerate sign—

Unerring type, while fleeting years shall roll,  
Of empire circumscribed by self-control—  
Embraced, 'midst trophies and ensanguined blades,  
The youth, all panting from the barricades.

The times are changed since princes with amaze  
Witnessed the three great, memorable days ;  
They who compare the hurricane which broke  
Their slumbers, to the flash that ends in smoke.  
Though sterling hearts, magnanimous and true,  
Beat 'neath the civic uniform of blue,—  
And stern Bellona, in the foremost rank  
At the dread hour of danger counts the Frank,—  
Yet low adventurers, until late unknown,  
Glean the full harvest which the poor have sown.  
Too many tracks of ancient griefs remain,  
Gross offsets of a rank Bourbonean reign :  
The narrow, bounded views of upstart wealth  
Assume the place of modest worth, by stealth ;  
While the Convention's trite and worn decoy,  
Or Prague's effeminate, sickly, pale-faced boy,  
Disturbs the rest of those who, 'midst alarms,  
Defied the northern potentates in arms.  
*Strange talisman !—the virtue of a name !—*  
*That can damp e'en a patriot's sacred flame—*

That can invoke, to terminate a feud,  
Re-action, scourge of kingdoms unsubdued.

Intrepid Faubourgs ! certes, 'twas not for this  
You braved the murderous volleys of the Swiss ;  
Or bartered fearlessly a tranquil lot  
For your old game of war, almost forgot.  
Ah ! could apostates with—without a crime,  
Arrest the mighty innovator, Time !  
As well endeavour, ere its course is run,  
To stop the burnished chariot of the sun.  
No ! let them leave the glory or disgrace  
Of their bold measures to a hardier race ;  
For in this desperate crew methinks we see  
Ambition's pigmies, who combined agree  
To use a giant's arms, but overrate  
Their puny strength, and sink beneath the weight.

And for the sophists, who, in schools arrayed,  
Master the lie as swordsmen wield a blade,  
To whose deep craft the dangerous arts belong,  
The fatal gift to mingle right with wrong,—  
How fares it with them, when the gale blows hard,  
And the strong blast destroys their house of card ?  
One, the sad victim of a treacherous vote,  
Lingers obscure ; a second cuts his throat ;

Another places, amidst curses loud,  
The Channel 'twixt his person and the crowd ;  
A fourth, more flexible in hour of need,  
Finds a safe shelter, but abjures his creed ;  
And, as deserter in an arduous strife,  
Or branded convict, bears the mark for life.

Thus shifts the scene—thus new pretenders rise ;  
Men disappear ; a nation never dies :  
But, where'er Freedom casts its fertile jet,  
Babes shall repeat the name of Lafayette !  
Tribes partly civilized 'neath genial skies,  
Rough hordes, and embryo worlds that yet may rise ;  
Who, tutored by our faults, shall e'en forgive  
A rival's adverse claims, and learn to live ;  
When others halted on the march, e'en there  
Didst thou speed forward, and the way prepare !

Lo ! the keen, searching, and unfettered press,  
Grown wise enough to prune each rude excess,  
Sends out its page, still moist, across the seas,  
Beyond the Alps, athwart the Pyrenees,—  
Whatever lucky genius can invent,  
The fruit of perishable years well spent ;  
While on the confines the guard stalks alone,  
And protects feebly interests not his own.

Steam, a mysterious power, with man for guide,  
Impels vast masses over earth and tide,  
Outstrips the blood-horse, and, on Nature's child  
Showering down plenty, animates the wild!  
Say, too, what mortal hand may draw the line,  
And a fixed limit to that force assign?

Conspiring kings, by subjects disobeyed,  
Themselves pay tribute to the wants of trade;  
For Commerce, queen and mistress of the main,  
O'er mad Ambition flings a useful chain.  
War, like the drunken Helot, shall increase  
The public weal, and win a lasting peace.

Happier than he who led the chosen band,  
Thou, Chief! hast more than seen the promised land;  
Long ere the strength and drooping eyelids failed,  
Heaven to thy gaze this beauteous dawn unveiled;  
Then gently weaned thee, by the prospect cheered,  
From pensive friends—loved, cherished, and revered.

May 24, 1834.





**IMITATIONS, TRANSLATIONS,  
AND  
ORIGINAL POEMS.**



## THE MARSEILLAISE.

TRANSLATED FROM ROUGET DE LILLE.

**PATRIOTS! hail the day of glory!**  
The predestined hour draws nigh;  
See the Tyrant's banner gory,  
Raised against us, float on high.  
Hear ye, through the waste champaign,  
Soldiers' howl—it swells the blast,—  
Your partners slaying,—to profane  
Their sweet homes they come at last.

To arms, Citizens! to arms!  
Form your squadrons, rank and file;  
March! and may a blood impure  
Bathe the furrows of our soil.

G

What can mean this group of slaves,  
Traitors, and conspiring kings?  
For what race, their power that braves,  
Have they wrought these chains and rings?  
French! for you they dress the rack!  
Fury should that thought excite;  
They dare hope to cast us back  
Into slavery's dreary night.

To arms, Citizens! to arms! &c.

What! shall troops from foreign lands,  
By our hearths lay down the law?  
Shall their mercenary bands  
Gaul's stern warriors, prostrate, awe?  
Must we, God! bound hand and foot,  
Crouch beneath their yoke of hate?  
Shall these despots vile dispute  
The privilege to fix our fate?

To arms, Citizens! to arms! &c.

Tremble, tyrants, on all sides!  
Traitors to a cause sublime;  
Tremble! for the parricides  
Shall receive the meed of crime.  
All turn soldiers to oppose ye;  
And, when our young heroes fall,  
Earth bears fresh ones to inclose ye,  
Armed to meet their country's call.

To arms, Citizens! to arms! &c.

French, be generous; when to strike  
Learn, and when to spare the blow:  
All deserve not death alike;  
Kill not a reluctant foe,—  
But the despot in his lair,  
And his servile tools on earth,—  
Tigers, pitiless, that tear  
E'en the womb that gave them birth!

To arms, Citizens! to arms! &c.

Love of country, sacred fire !  
Strengthen our avenging arms :  
Cherished Liberty ! inspire,  
Lead us on to war's alarms ;  
To thine accents, bold and free,  
May Victory cling, and at thy name  
Smile ; while foes expiring see  
Thy best triumph and our fame.

To arms, Citizens ! to arms !  
Form your squadrons rank and file ;  
March ! and may a blood impure  
Bathe the furrows of our soil.

## THE PARISIENNE.

TRANSLATED FROM C. DELAVIGNE.

**BOLD** sons of France, heroic race !

Her arms young Freedom opens wide :  
They called us slaves—they deemed you base :

“ Ye speak to soldiers ! ” we replied.

Paris to memory roused once more

Her glory, as in days of yore !

Onwards march we steadily,

'Gainst their cannons cheerily ;

Through squadrons, swords, and musketry,

Let us rush to victory !

Serry the deep ranks ; march again.

Parisians, speed with skilful hand  
The cartridge of a citizen,

Best homage to your native land.

Grand epoch ! Paris, as of yore,

Re-echoes Glory's cry once more !

Onwards march we steadily, &c.



In vain the murderous battery plies ;  
The fallen a fresh comrade skreens.  
See, 'neath the ball's dread carnage, rise  
Those able generals in their teens.  
Grand epoch ! Paris, as of yore,  
Re-echoes Glory's cry once more !  
Onwards march we steadily, &c.

But who our blood-red banner rears,  
'Midst war's exterminating shocks ?  
The champion of two worlds appears—  
'Tis Lafayette ! with silver locks.  
Grand epoch ! Paris, as of yore,  
Re-echoes Glory's cry once more !  
Onwards march we steadily, &c.

The three gay colours are returned—  
Vendome's proud column waves on high—  
O'er skies serene, that pledge well earned,  
The rainbow sign of liberty.  
Grand epoch ! Paris, as of yore,  
Re-echoes Glory's cry once more !  
Onwards march we steadily, &c.

True to our cause, without regret—  
The tricolor's old soldier thou ;  
Orleans, thy blood may mingle yet  
With those life-drops it costs us now :  
Thou wilt, as in bright days of yore,  
Repeat the glorious cry once more !  
Onwards march we steadily, &c.

Beat the funeral drums !—incline ;  
O'er our loved brethren shed the tear ;  
Their laurels into wreaths entwine,  
And shade with civic crowns the bier ;  
Hallow !—vast temple of the dead—  
Pantheon, the young warrior's bed.  
Bear them all with bended knee ;  
Mourn, uncovered ; and may ye,  
Whom we lament, immortal be—  
Martyrs of our victory !

## THE THREE-COLOURED STANDARD.

TRANSLATED FROM BARTHELEMY AND MERY.

HAIL! three-coloured standard, hail!  
Brave Parisians, see advance  
Your new prize; it flaps the gale:  
Hail the signal! generous France.  
Europe trembles when it glows  
On young brows and hearts of steel;  
A Medusa's head to foes—  
'Tis the flag of the Bastille.  
Beam o'er our soldiers, Star of Liberty!  
Praised be the city that has kindled thee.

Scorn we Fortune's past decrees,  
    Rend her veil of sable hue ;  
France has, at the Tuileries,  
    Effaced the stain of Waterloo.  
Legions of our ancient power,  
    Still the noble banner cheer ;  
Young as yet, 't will see the hour,  
    Tarnished by a long career.  
Beam o'er our soldiers, Star of Liberty !  
Praised be the city that has kindled thee.

But thy triumph, modern Sparta,  
    In thy soil may best be shewn ;  
For each letter of our charter  
    Is graven on a paving stone.  
If, our fête to overawe,  
    Europe 'midst us cast a king,  
These rough tablets of the law  
    On him let the people fling.  
Beam o'er our soldiers, Star of Liberty !  
Praised be the city that has kindled thee.

This old emblem of our glory,  
Round the Column\* flutters gay;  
While the Bourbon's, white and hoary,  
Like a spectre, fades away:  
Lo! the stern Imperial Guard  
Winds the shaft; now circles higher,  
And, in bronze, seems struggling hard  
To rejoin it at the spire.  
Beam o'er our soldiers, Star of Liberty!  
Praised be the city that has kindled thee.

In its flight from Place Vendome,  
Which has oft awe-struck the great,  
It shades o'er each Cross and Dome;  
There the broad folds wave elate.  
May far brethren learn our tale,  
Of all tongues and every name;  
Their own Fortune swells the gale,  
On this telegraph of Fame.  
Beam o'er our soldiers, Star of Liberty!  
Praised be the city that has kindled thee.

\* The Column in the Place Vendome.

May our ships, on their return,  
    Sinking deep the fleurs-de-lis,  
The three-colours hoist in turn,  
    Joyous o'er the Tuscan sea!  
Let the states that bound the main,  
    And all who our feats rehearse,  
Hail their mast-heads, and thy reign,  
    Freedom, through the universe.  
Beam o'er our soldiers, Star of Liberty!  
Praised be the city that has kindled thee.

The flag decks the window's edge  
    Of the Prince who quelled the blast;  
In his home he gave the pledge;  
    There the storm has ceased at last.  
Under his prolific race,  
    Live we with unbended knee;  
King, Lafayette can embrace;  
    Well may you command the free.  
Beam o'er our soldiers, Star of Liberty!  
Praised be the city that has kindled thee.

## ON THE LATE EVENTS AT PARIS.

---

**HAIL, mighty realm ! heroic France !**

Once more behold, o'er land and sea,  
Thy meteor-flag of hope advance ;  
It bids the startled world be free ;  
Ages, the treasured stores of time,  
Wax dim before thy march sublime.

“ Seven tyrants, on a desperate game,  
(Thus shall thy youth victorious tell,)  
Our country staked, its throne and fame,  
Lost all, and then—ignobly fell.”  
Madmen ! ye seized, in evil hour,  
A giant's arms ;—where lurked his power ?

A few short days have overthrown

The guilty complot of a year,  
Have foiled the Bourbon, and made known  
True hearts to France, to Europe dear :  
So man's just rights, may all who brave,  
Find heroes, where they seek the slave.

The glorious sacrifice is o'er,

'Tis sealed with blood and votive lives ;  
What patriot zeal can offer more ?

But Freedom, that regenerate thrives,  
Shall round each tomb a halo fling,  
Brighter than that which decks a king.

July 30, 1830.

---

*" Magnus ab integro seculorum nascitur ordo."*

O ! 'tis a noble, 'tis a sight sublime !  
When a great people, on the wrecks of time,  
From forth the chaos of that dreary night,  
First strikes the renovating sparks of light,  
Inspires its young sons—ardent and elate,  
Remodels ancient laws, reforms the state,



And, like a warrior, with unbended knee,  
Looks proudly round, victorious, just, and free.  
E'en so the eagle, 'midst the tempest's shock,  
Builds its aerial refuge on the rock,  
Then, self-dependent, with broad wing unfurl'd,  
Hovers in triumph o'er a prostrate world.

---

ON THE PROPOSED REMOVAL OF THE REMAINS OF NAPOLEON  
FROM ST. HELENA TO PARIS, AND ITS REJECTION BY THE  
CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

THEY buried him in that lone isle,  
And round his grave the billow dashes :  
Ye warriors of the empire, smile ;  
For now the pigmies fear his ashes !

ON A CELEBRATED SINGER.

---

WHEN Kitty bids our tears o'erflow,  
And listening crowds adore,  
The notes which from her neck of snow  
In mellowed softness pour,

What anchorite but feels their power,  
All callous though he be,  
And treasures still, sweet girl, the hour  
To love resigned, and thee?

What eye so fierce would not repose  
On form so blest and fair?  
What recreant heart that would not close  
Its lawless wanderings there?

When Sappho struck to Love's alarms  
A lyre of matchless tone,  
Yet Sappho sung of beauty's charms  
To her denied alone:

But Art and Nature, both combined,  
To Stephens lent their aid,  
And formed the wreath of Fame intertwined,  
To crown the angelic maid.

ON CHURCH MUSIC.

---

O! who can hear, without a sigh,  
The organ's dying peal,  
Or when the hymns responsively  
Their sacred truths reveal?

Whoe'er would mock the little train  
That swell the vocal choir,  
May such ne'er feel the pleasing pain  
Those hallowed notes inspire.

While thousands pour the aisles along,  
The loud Hosannahs rise,  
And consecrate the evening song,  
Or morning sacrifice.

Sing on, ye gifted young ones,  
Dispel the sceptic's gloom,  
Ye but unveil the joys which spring  
From scenes beyond the tomb.

THE FUNERAL OF THE SUICIDE.

---

"TWAS eve, and the moon shed a flickering ray,  
Half enveloped in mists, from the warmth of the day ;  
But it faintly illumined the turreted stone,  
And the boundary walls of a chapelry lone :

Yet hark to a sound like the awful career  
Of the trampling foe when the combat is near ;  
Yet hark to a murmur like that of the breast,  
When, convulsively heaving, it struggles oppressed !

'Tis the sob of the mourner, and deep heavy tread  
Of the labouring mutes, with their burden—the dead :  
Ah ! no common agency dooms you to close  
The last scene of fate in this stilly repose.

No bell tolls the hour, while the villagers bend  
In tears o'er the grave, for the loss of a friend ;  
What sympathy binds you in feeling allied,  
For the frantic despair of the rash suicide ?

H

Yet pause, O ye fair ones, a sister lies here ;  
Deny not, in anger, the gift of a tear ;  
At least in the grave spare your scorn of the frail,  
Whom the Church, kinder far, has received in its pale.

Too alive to the shame which her pride would not own,  
She sought for repose in destruction alone ;  
Nor brooked to be chased in disdain from the door,  
Where no voice cried, in mercy, "Be guilty no more!"

Ye heartless seducers, on infamy bent—  
While ye muse o'er the fate of Myrtilla, repent !  
The tale is of use, if one innocent breast  
Be saved by the pang that robs Guilt of its rest.

## ON VISITING THE LAKES.

TRAVELLER, pause! nor join the throng  
 Where Folly bows at Fashion's shrine;  
 'Midst Nature's gifts thy course prolong,  
 And make her choicest products thine;  
 No suitor she averse denies,  
 Who adds to wishes enterprise.

These peaceful scenes must needs awake  
 The half-lost soul to thoughts above;  
 An emblem, in the glassy lake,  
 The wretch will find, of holiest love:  
 Then turn not from the truth that lies  
 Divulged in hills, and waves, and skies!

The cataract in foam descends,  
 Whose spray gives life to mountain flowers;  
 In wreaths the smiling valley bends,  
 Where nodded once the chieftain's towers;  
 And will this tenement of clay  
 Survive the adamant's decay?

O'er Duddon sands the whirlwinds sweep,  
Which mock the graves of lone Furness;  
In dread repose its barons sleep,  
And all is bare and tenantless:  
Say, shall the nightshade rear its head,  
Where yeomen deemed it sin to tread?

Yes, Death hath vanquished to his reign  
What life upreared to join the past,  
And triumphs o'er the jocund train—  
Health, Beauty, Strength,—all but that last  
Best power, which spurns a mortal goal,—  
The free and immaterial Soul!

THE DAYS OF CHIVALRY.

---

SIR Marmaduke was a knight so bold,  
He won all hearts in the days of old;  
On him the ladies' eyes were bent,  
When he took his place at the Tournament;  
For, two to two, or two to four,  
He'd jousted all, when the sport was o'er.  
His greaves down his thighs so gracefully fall,  
They shine like plates in a college hall;  
While many a lion and scutcheon grim  
Glares from his corslet's outward brim:  
A goodly sight, it must be confessed,—  
With his casque on head, and his spear in rest,—  
For ladies' love,—that is, for groans,  
Fair words, and cuffs, and broken bones.  
But, his horse turned lame, his arm less bold,  
His mistress false, his passion cold;—  
A younger knight hath won the day,  
And given our friend a rough *congé*,—  
He lies beneath the cypress tree,  
A type of the fate of Chivalry!



## ON THE BIRTH-DAY OF A FRIEND,

A CAPTAIN IN THE NAVY.

ANOTHER year, my friend, has passed away,  
Matured to ripeness by the breath of May.  
O, might each future lapse of Nature fling  
O'er life the fragrance of your natal spring!—  
Your mind, that nursery where the well-spent hours  
Are careful guardians of its fruits and flowers,  
Culled from all parts, like rare exotics, grown  
In climes still happier, healthier than their own.  
Thus books and science shall impart a store,  
E'en when youth's transient season is no more ;  
Thus absolute o'er Fate you still shall reign,  
As when with Neptune you divide the main,—  
Heaven in the offing, and the gales of strife  
Lost in the distant weather-side of life.

## ON SEEING SOME MUMMIES

IN A CABINET OF NATURAL HISTORY.

YET, let us scan the mummies that lie hid  
Beneath the carve-work of the painted lid :  
Vain hope of man, despite the vital ray,  
A short, short lapse to triumph o'er decay !  
Do these swathed bandages, this mouldering crust  
Recall the image wasting into dust ?  
Or, if perchance they could, why, vainly—why—  
Dwell on a theme which prompts the eternal sigh ?  
The butterfly, just freed in airy bliss,  
Scorns the pent prison of its chrysalis,  
Waves its resplendent wings, and bursts the chain  
That kept it long from Flora's rich domain ;  
And shall we to this frame so weakly cling,  
Which, drooping, hails the everlasting spring ?—  
This frame, that perishes to rise once more,—  
Moulded anew, and lovelier than before,—  
Regenerate,—to a purer, happier sky,  
Like that bright type of immortality ?  
Not thus have learn'd to prize this earthly dross  
True heirs of Heaven, and soldiers of the Cross ;

Not thus new worlds have answered to the rod  
Of an all-judging, all-redeeming God :  
Religion sways more deep the human heart,  
And binds us to that immaterial part :  
Life warms the limbs, which fled, best friends must sever ;  
And the pure breath, once gone, is gone for ever.  
But lively Fancy still arrays the whole,  
And fires anew the sunshine of the soul ;  
Nor needs that shapeless, senseless mass, to tell  
How vain we've loved its tenant, or, how well.  
E'en the fond lover wars not against Fate,  
Or seeks his bride thus sepulchred in state ;  
No aromatic drugs from death can win  
Her coral lips or alabaster skin,  
Her arm's round softness, or her breast of snow,—  
Still less the vital powers extinct below :  
Devotion, blending with his dreams of love,  
Transports him to those starry spheres above ;  
There, 'midst the countless orbs, whose glowing sheen  
Strikes mild and gently through that blue serene,  
Idea thrones her in some shrine of rest,  
Fit mansion for the disembodied blest !

ON THE  
DISCOVERIES OF CAPTAIN COOK.

---

BEHOLD, on yonder consecrated site,  
The plain, yet dear-bought spoils of Otaheite;  
More truly glorious than the treasure wrung  
From peasants, and to conquering despots flung.  
Yes! Virtue still within her choicest nook  
Of merit ranks philanthropy—and Cook!  
Still must she mourn Owhyhee's mortal strife,  
That closed the boldest and the bravest life;  
The patches of the rocky isle give way  
Before the culture of his easy sway;  
The mosses and rank lichens are effaced,  
That decked before a too luxuriant waste;  
And man, untutored man, above the rest  
Of Heaven's fair works, surrenders—to be blest;  
In shame his painted robe he lays aside,  
And doffs the remnants of his tinsel pride;  
His faculties, the opening germs of sense,  
Burst forth upon this new intelligence;

106    ON THE DISCOVERIES OF CAPTAIN COOK.

He finds in useful arts a pure resource,  
That mocks the efforts of his reckless force :  
Thus after-ages bless the venturous oar  
Which brought the stranger to their rugged shore ;  
Thus Polynesia, a bright gem displayed,  
Smiles o'er the deep, and quickens into trade.

## EPIGRAMS, &c.

---

TO A PERSON WHO CONSTANTLY SENT LETTERS  
BEGGING FOR MONEY.

SIR,—a pennyless wight  
This needful truth must say—  
Though you may choose to write,  
He does not choose to pay.

---

THEY say the parson is an idler grown,  
And preaches sermons that are not his own :  
The public and myself here disagree ;  
For what he bought, I deem his property.

## CLASSICAL ILLUSTRATIONS.

---

"Sunt geminae somni portæ; quarum altera fertur  
*Cornes*"—

VAIN dreams, by ivory valves compressed,  
Fair Chloe's sleep adorn;  
But those which break her good man's rest  
Proceed from—gates of horn.

---

"Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis ævum."

DICK's rhymes, like streams exhaustless, pour along,  
A noisy, shallow, yet eternal song.  
Heaven once turned back the sea;—in pity, why  
Will it not make that scribbler's ink run dry?

## LORD BYRON AND NAPOLEON.

ERE one short lustre's shadowy course be o'er,  
 Two worlds have wept—their Genii are no more!  
 Quenched are the lights whose beams were wont to  
     nurse  
 The real and the moral universe;  
 In vain may Europe court a second son,  
 To replace Conrad—or Napoleon.

---

*The following curious idea is to be found in an old French  
 Tragedy: the lines are put into the mouth of Sejanus:—*

La foudre ne tombe jamais en hiver;  
 J'ai six mois entiers pour braver les dieux,  
 Et puis je ferai ma paix avec les cieux.

*They may be thus rendered in English:—*

NEVER the thunderbolts in winter fall;  
 I have six months complete to vent my gall;  
 'Spite of the gods, I'll boldly take my fling,  
 And then make peace with Heaven towards the  
     spring.



## ON CERTAIN WRITERS OF MEMOIRS.

THESE authors, full of their good looks,  
 Narcissus-like, conceited elves,  
 Are their own wonder; and their books,  
 The glass where they admire—their selves.

---

WRITTEN ON THE FIRST LEAF OF A LADY'S  
SCRAP-BOOK.

THIS book is, like its owner's mind,  
 A rare assemblage, well combined,  
 Of all that's beauteous and refined.

---

## THE TURQUOISE.

YE rovers, chameleons, who take but the cast  
 Of objects before you, the present and last,—  
 Ah! wear not this gem; 'tis a magical stone,  
 And might soon yield a secret—to match with your own.

Ye faithful admirers, devoted and true,  
 May the emblem of constancy ne'er fade to you;  
 May the Turquoise, in unsullied hue, on your breast,  
 Shine, the guardian of virtue for ever confessed.

ON FRIENDSHIP.

---

YE, who in boyish spirits boast  
The gift of Friendship's sacred treasure,—  
Distrust it while it woos you most,—  
'Tis short-lived as all earthly pleasure.

A venal world, in form intrenched,  
Th' unequal march of wealth or power,  
Has stifled that pure flame, and quenched  
The fervour of youth's brightest hour.

Thus Nature still, in early spring,  
Hath warmed to life its sweetest flowers;  
But who can say, what baneful wing  
May wither, ere the close, her bowers?

Too oft that mild, endearing tie,  
The first-fruits of a spotless mind,  
With infancy has passed us by,  
While memory faintly gleams behind.

THE  
AMUSEMENTS OF A FISHERMAN.

---

“I have been a great follower of fishing myself, and in its cheerful solitude have passed some of the happiest hours of a sufficiently happy life.”

PALEY.

---

ALL have their separate tastes, and most pursue  
One darling object, constantly in view :  
Atilius, sanguine in the cause of truth,  
Leaves lighter studies as vain toys for youth ;  
While Lucius, bent on follies to the last,  
Is trifling when the trifling age is past.  
O, let me rather taste, apart from strife,  
The solid comforts of a rural life !  
And, amidst country sports, forget the train  
Of all the evils we deplore in vain.

When Spring's first gay productive efforts beam  
In full luxuriance over dell and stream,

And vegetation's quickening pores inhale  
Their vital nurture from the balmy gale,  
Then is the Fisherman's best time to trace  
The haunts and windings of the finny race ;  
The snare and rod may all our skill employ,  
The hook's sharp venom, or the net's decoy.  
Where the high sedgy bank, and threatening steep,  
Hang o'er the darkened mirror of a deep,  
There that fresh-water shark is known to hide,  
The ravenous jack, the monarch of the tide ;  
There the destroyer, with unerring power,  
Marks out his victims in a careless hour :  
If this should be a task too great, then try  
Your unskilled hand upon the smaller fry ;  
Here view the greedy perch, and here the bream,  
Or roach and dace, the white fish of the stream ;  
With slight ambition claim an easier toil,  
And snare the gudgeons working in the soil.  
These (as were wont rude nations to infest  
The neighbouring shores, or inundate the west,)  
Ranked in creation's small and humble beat  
A mimic race, but not the less complete ;  
In shoals pervade their feeding haunts, and spread  
Their myriads o'er the river's fruitful bed,

And emigrate as chance or change afford  
A ready capture to their infant horde.  
E'en thus great Nature's useful laws provide  
A scarce perceptible but certain guide,  
And parts most opposite, annexed, combine  
To form a peace and harmony divine :  
The savage without culture view, allied  
To the rough cur that wanders at his side ;  
Instinct, where reason's immature, is seen  
Close at the rear, with but a step between.

Yet let each angler so dispose his art,  
As near as may be, Nature's counterpart ;  
If small the booty, let the bait confined  
Be in proportion to the end designed.  
Next too, the proper symbols of the trade  
Become a useful and essential aid ;  
The supple willow, the tenacious line,  
Round which the threads oft multiplied entwine ;  
The lead, whose heavy trailing o'er the ground  
Shall teach the young beginner where to sound.  
Such are the implements that, well applied,  
Allure the sportive rambles of the tide ;  
For tact will gain what oft an adverse sky,  
Or unassisted chance, may still deny.

These were the sports, the mid-day labour o'er,  
Of our plain fathers, and their sires before,  
Ere war had yet disturbed the world's repose,  
And brought a vicious luxury at the close;  
While the smart soldier comes, dismissed from town,  
To his own hamlet, which he left a clown.

## THE COBBLER,

A FIRESIDE STORY.

---

*Hæ nugæ in seria ducunt.*


---

ONCE on a time there was, (e'en so begin  
 All old wives' stories, since the reign of sin,)  
 In a small foreign place, unknown to fame,—  
 And, for that reason, I forget the name,—  
 There was a Cobbler, indigent and gay,  
 Who, working, carolled through the live-long day.  
 The world, howe'er, ungracious from his birth,  
 Could never silence this exuberant mirth :  
 Thus, when one died whose means might scarce defray  
 A nightly vigil o'er the funeral clay,—  
 Give to the man his brandy flask or beer,  
 And watch was he—a joyous volunteer !  
 As poor as Job, but sound in heart and limb,  
 What should His Darkness do with men like him ?—  
 With nought to lose on earth, and scant of bread,  
 Why should he fear the living or the dead ?—  
 In tatters, pennyless, and tempest-tost,—  
 A prize so mean were hardly worth the cost.

Yet this indifference had provoked outright,  
And filled a neighbouring wit with secret spite,  
To view all human ills beyond control  
On the said Crispin's philosophic soul.  
A scheme he planned, then,—might perchance engage  
The dormant courage of the threadbare sage.

Apart, and distant from the common track,  
In a lone house, a room was hung with black:  
Here bid, the Cobbler hied, full glad to win  
A promised night-fee for the corpse within.  
The corpse our wit, with stifled glee elate,  
Stretched on the couch in mock cadaverous state;  
Loud raged a storm abroad, whose summons brief  
Whirled far and wide the last autumnal leaf;  
But, calm and confident, in strength of life,  
The watch despised the elemental strife,—  
And plied his awl, and careless wiled away  
The dreary moments with a jovial lay;  
Then drained the friendly stoup, and, thirst allayed,  
Resumed his homely and subaltern trade.  
Repairs, the rich, almost against their will,  
At times intrusted to inferior skill,—  
A master-piece in rustic hands consigned,  
The beau ideal of his artless mind.



Now, when the lamp, bereft of half its power,  
Waxed dim, the Tempter, towards the midnight hour,  
Rose hideous as a ghoul, that, 'thwart the gloom,  
For the warm haunts of mortals, quits a tomb.  
The man, whose craft might well be deemed his creed,  
Was bold, I said; nor monk, nor invalid;  
Yet, from such trials e'en the brave may swerve,—  
Not vainly formed to shake the healthiest nerve.  
On solemn themes let triflers spare their jest,  
Nor put our frailty to so rude a test!—  
With force convulsive, pale, confused, aghast,  
And, as by instinct, the wight seized his last;  
Which, rightly aimed at this regenerate host,  
Between the temples struck the pseudo ghost;—  
That, from the blow not looked for, undesired,  
Uttered a groan, fell backward, and expired.

Beldames, those living chronicles of old,  
How passed succeeding hours, have left untold;  
But when choice spirits, at the dawn of day,  
To greet that kindred wag here bent their way,  
They found—a corpse indeed, upon the bed!  
And near—a maniac, by the bolster head!—  
So the town lost the guardian of its dead.

# IMITATIONS.

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## INTRODUCTORY.

(SIR WALTER SCOTT.)

WHILE yet a boy, I used to rove  
Through flowery mead and verdant grove,  
Nor, like my fellows, loved to hurl  
The flying ball; and less adroit,  
With strength and sinewy arm, to twirl  
Straight to the mark the heavy quoit,  
Than to peruse, with eager eye,  
The page where classic knowledge cast  
Its store to view, and heave the sigh  
O'er scenes of joys and perils past.  
A sickly frame, by Nature given,  
No pleasure in such sports could find;  
Yet, as a boon, did pitying Heaven  
Withdraw the languor from my mind;

And much I loved to seek a cave,  
Where, in its simple rock-hewn cell,  
Beat by the ocean's neighbouring wave,  
An ancient man was wont to dwell;  
And many a tale he told of yore,  
Preserved from long neglected lore,  
When his forefathers graced the clime;  
And annals left of feudal days,  
Saved from the withering grasp of time;—  
Mistaken they who think that age  
And hoary locks can ne'er engage  
The fickle, wavering mind of youth;  
Oft have I seen the pensive brow,  
And sterner manhood, deign to bow  
To the experienced voice of truth :  
But why, O vainly why, prolong  
The echo to a mournful song?  
He died!—that word beheld me left—  
Of my best, dearest friend bereft;  
But still that eye, which many an hour  
Upon me fixed its cheering beam,—  
That mellow voice's kindling power,  
Pursued me still in every dream;

And when reflection dared look back  
On happiness left far behind,  
E'en memory, in that shadowy track,  
Could some faint consolation find.  
To call to mind each wondrous tale  
Was still a soft and pleasing pain,  
When, verging to life's closing vale,  
He loved to pour the soothing strain;  
And these, behold, now swell the page—  
The legends of a different age.  
If their faint shadows, passing by,  
Recall the gentle reader's sigh,—  
If Beauty's tears, descending, shine,  
And purify one feeling line,—  
The hand that, trembling, sweeps the lyre,  
And fain would catch its patron's fire,  
Will find its labours well repaid,  
If, pleasing to that patron's shade,  
Will dedicate the meed of worth,  
Far from the vulgar bounds of earth,  
To that blest sire who gave it birth.

**A CALM SUCCEEDING A STORM.**

(T. MOORE.)

'Tis o'er! the still and shining deep  
Is now as tranquilly asleep  
As if it ne'er disturbed the reign  
Of man upon those silent waves,  
Nor shook him from that azure main  
To rot in its unhallowed caves.  
And see, Aurora's sunny beam  
On yonder rock a lustre flings,  
While, glittering with the orient gleam,  
The sea-gull shakes its snowy wings,  
And, dripping with the wet, inhales  
The dewy fragrance of the balm,  
Just wafted on the perfumed gales,  
The first fruits of so blest a calm :

For all those stormy clouds are driven  
From the blue vaulted arch of heaven,  
Leaving the mighty firmament  
    A spotless and a glorious sky,  
Over that crystal mirror bent,  
    O'ershadowing with its canopy.  
So stilly calm was that blest ocean,  
    When Thetis, with her mermaid train,  
First set the trembling tide in motion,  
    Just lighted on its radiant plain.  
Who could have thought that this had been  
So lately such a mournful scene,—  
And that the wave which calmly rolls  
Had closed upon so many souls?—  
Some who, perhaps, would e'en have given  
    The price of honour, manhood, worth,  
The pride of rank, their hopes of Heaven,  
    To gain a few short years on earth.  
O! Ocean, well we reckon thee  
The emblem of eternity!  
In every age, round every clime,  
Unconscious of the hand of Time,—  
That withering hand!—thou still dost glide  
In one unerring, even tide;

Nor opest but to a vast abyss,  
Which leads us to a distant shore,  
To wake to scenes of joy and bliss,  
Or wake, to close our eyes no more!  
That fate, so dread to come, may be  
As tranquil as a summer sea :  
Heaving with such a gentle swell,  
May hearts so kindred here, above  
In unity together dwell,  
Knit in the bonds of heavenly love.

## THE LOVE OF CHANGE.

(CRABBE.)

At twenty, Jack to see the world was free,  
Cashed by his father, and advised by me :  
The good old man, expiring at threescore,  
Left Jack and fifty pounds—he'd saved no more :  
Money he'd had, but more had not to give ;  
His gains had fled, as strainings through a sieve.  
Some freely spend ; to hoard up, others long :  
His plan the first ;—I cannot deem it wrong.  
Thus wines increase the blood, and swell the vein ;  
Whiskey preserves ; nor, spilt, imparts a stain.  
His favourite system, like his drink, might be  
Thy all-consuming nature, Eau-de-vie !  
Vainly I plied his son with useful lore—  
As heedless he as the old world of yore ;



I gave him lawful views, in first degree,  
*In esse* crier, clerk in expectancy;  
With all those brilliant dignities in rear  
Which deck the honoured brow of overseer:  
“Who else,” I said, “so nobly can aspire  
The Sabbath morn to lead the vocal choir?—  
And shall some rude and clownish rival bear  
The prize of wrestling at the village fair?”  
No! vanity, for once, may vainly call,—  
His headstrong folly is more strong than all;  
Other enticing prospects interpose;  
To town they beckon him,—to town he goes.

## HORACE.

## EPISTLE IV. BOOK I.

CHARLES, judge indulgent of your poet's rhyme,  
 What plan you still in soft Italia's clime?  
 To write a tragedy, perhaps, and throw  
 Quite in the shade the Doge, and Fazio:  
 Or stroll you yet in meditative mood,  
 Pondering on all that forms the wise and good?—  
 The gods have given you figure, fortune, ease,  
 And every other art with that to please;  
 Could the kind mother for her favourite son  
 Beg more than what your happier stars have done?  
 The ripening products of good solid sense,  
 And its best kindred organ, eloquence;  
 A favoured mien, and character, and wealth,  
 Built on the fabric of untainted health.  
 By fears and doubts still rightly overcast,  
 Believe each fleeting morn to be the last;  
 What's spared more welcome is, the danger past.  
 You'll find me, on return,—so laugh your fill,—  
 Fond of good cheer, your friend, and what you will.

## HORACE.

EPISTLE X. BOOK I.

ONE fond of country scenes, apart from strife,  
Greets Fuscus wedded to a London life :

Our thoughts all other tastes congenial own,  
Dissimilar but in this point alone ;  
Our minds, as twins, agreeing ; for the rest,  
No discord vexes each fraternal breast ;  
Tried and experienced, like some amorous doves,  
We bill and coo, so faithful in our loves :  
You keep the nest ; I, circling round, explore  
The moss-grown cavern, and the sea-girt shore ;  
In short I live, and only then respire,  
When free from scenes the crowd and you admire ;  
Like the priest's runagate, so often fed  
On honey'd cakes, who sighs at last for bread.  
But would you live as Nature's laws invite,  
And for your new-planned house mark out a site,  
Know you, in art, a work more formed to please,  
Than the soft elegance of rural ease ?  
Where's winter milder, where do gales assuage  
At brisker intervals the dog-star's rage ?

Is the chalybeate, through your pipes of lead,  
A purer stream than at the fountain head,  
All fresh, and gurgling o'er its pebbly bed?  
In truth, amidst your sooty piles and skies,  
The nursery's artificial shrubberies rise,  
And auctioneers with high-priced tickets mark  
The lofty edifice which fronts the park.  
Do what you may to stifle human will,  
Nature, though baffled oft, is nature still ;  
Not he who takes for modesty the streak  
Of bright carmine that tinges Lydia's cheek,—  
Not he who takes his partner's gems for hues  
Of brilliants that have long enriched the Jews,—  
More blindly errs, in mistress or in wife,  
Than he who blends the light and shade of life,  
Still jumbling truth and falsehood, black and white,  
And, where he can judge falsely, scorns the right.  
Thus adverse Fortune wakes, as from a dream,  
Those who have basked in her meridian gleam.  
Soon as ambition haunts you, wisely blame  
The hasty wish, and shun the path of fame ;  
Believe me, that beneath the humble cot  
Friendship still reigns, amongst the great forgot.

The stag in combat forced the horse to yield,  
And drove his weaker rival from the field,  
Till, backed and bitted by a new ally,  
Aided by man, he made the victor fly ;  
But never after could he roam the plain,  
Or cast aside the rider or the rein ;  
Thus he who, fearing poverty, hath sold  
His peace of mind, and liberty, for gold,  
Spurning the fortune of the present hour,  
Is always subject to a despot's power,—  
Wears the unequal lot he's doomed to feel,  
As sandals, or too tight or down at heel.  
Pleased with your fate, and competence your guide,  
Then live content with what the gods provide ;  
And chide me too, whene'er, to swell my store,  
Blessed with enough, I fain would grasp at more ;  
Collected sums, or govern or obey,  
More fit, as slaves, to serve, than lead the way.

Save that you're absent, perfect in my bliss,—  
Near the old shrine of rest, I scribbled this.

## FROM MOSCHUS.

ALAS! ye shrubs, and Iris-coloured flowers,  
 The withering remnants of our vernal bowers,  
 Though now your short-lived glories fade away,  
 Wake to the sunshine of a lovelier day;  
 But we, the great, the terrible, the wise,  
 When once we die, sink, ne'er again to rise;  
 Girt by our hollow mound, so still, so deep,  
 Is that last, dread, interminable sleep.

## THE ARMS OF CUPID.

"Veniunt a dote sagittæ."

THE arms of Cupid—what? His shaft and bow,  
 In days of yore, they were,—I grant it so;  
 But his last barb disturbed the peaceful nest,  
 Untouched before, of poor Sophia's breast:  
 So now his surest weapons are, I'm told,  
 A good rich manor, and a purse of gold.

AN ACROSTIC.  

---

As Nature one day played, in amorous joy,  
Round that sweet little infant, fair Lesbia's boy,—  
“ Ah! grant my request, form a maid for my dart,  
Bestow on her charms all your magical art,”  
Enraptured, he cried; “let her features divine,  
Like Mama's, in the tints of her loveliness shine.”  
Love prevailed;—who'd deny such a dear little fellow?  
And she granted the suit, when she made Arabella.

## A FRAGMENT OF SIMONIDES.

---

Danaë, having been exposed by her father, Acrisius, with her infant son Perseus, in a bark on the sea, is thus represented by Simonides :—

WHILE all around the hollow bark  
 The raging winds incessant blew,  
 And seas in mountain billows, dark,  
 Threatened with grim and lurid hue.

With tearful eye, and sighing deep,  
 The mother cast her snowy arm  
 Round Perseus, as he lay asleep,  
 Maternally secured from harm ;

And thus she spake :—"Thou lovely boy,  
 Like infant at the nursing breast,  
 Thou slumberest on in silent joy,  
 While grief denies thy parent rest ;



“ Nor car’st thou for this dread abode,  
    Encompassed by the shades of night,  
Where nought illumines our trackless road,  
    Save Dian’s ineffectual light ;

“ Wrapt in a vest of Tyrian dye,  
    Nor car’st thou for the ocean wave,  
As foaming o’er it dashes by,  
    And doth thy soft locks all but lave.

“ O beauteous babe, didst thou but know  
    The gloom on every front but thine,  
Then would thy tender ears bestow  
    Attention to this plaint of mine.

“ Sleep on, my son, I bid thee sleep ;  
    Ah, might the shock of wind, and tide,  
A mother’s woe, the stormy deep,  
    As soon, like thee, in rest subside.”

**TRANSLATIONS**  
**FROM**  
**PLAYS**  
**OF**  
**MOLIERE AND CASIMIR DELAVIGNE,**



FROM THE  
MARINO FALIERO  
OF C. DELAVIGNE.

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THE 'MAL DE PAYS.'

ACT I. SCENE II.

O, unbought treasure, matchless, and confessed  
The best of blessings, above all the rest,  
My country!—magic sound! We still revere  
Thy hallowed soil, in exile doubly dear;  
How my voice murmured, when about to part,  
Thy sacred name!—how swelled my bursting heart,  
When, 'neath the distant breakers' foamy spray,  
The spires of Venice seemed to fade away!—  
Forgive me, Helen; by this thought oppressed,  
Is life, life banished from its fostering breast;  
When I but call to mind that glorious sight,  
The gulf, one liquid living blaze of light,—  
The charming coast, the odoriferous air,—  
The heaven above is not *our* heaven elsewhere.

How Germany's cold vapours dimly shroud  
And weigh down nature with each gathering cloud !  
How was this longing more intensely fed  
By its pale sun, that glimmered o'er my head ;  
Their best days, struck by one pervading blight,  
Are far less lovely than our darkest night.  
Oft said I, tortured by a slow disease,  
Once more blow on me, Adriatic breeze ;  
My wish was granted ! the sea-gale laid bare  
My front ; I felt it quivering in my hair :  
O God, what rapture ! when the keen gust bore  
Its freshness to my bosom's inmost core ;  
I laughed,—I cried,—methought I changed the scene ;  
Before me lay St. Mark and Palestrine ;  
The murmuring waves ; the day-spring from on high ;  
The splendour of a soft, Italian sky ;  
The treasures of the mart, that come from far,  
On the Rialto spread,—the world's bazaar ;  
The busy crowds, the cries around the pier,  
The sports, the carol of the gondolier ;  
E'en to the iron bars, and Bridge of Sighs,  
All were illusions of that false surprise !  
Give, then, a prison, howe'er dark and dread,  
Beneath those awful cells, and vaults of lead ;

In some far land, then, rather than a throne  
Give, on these sands, a grave within our own ;  
A grave where, witness of your grief, the sod,  
By your tears watered, by your feet is trod.

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## SUSPENSE.

## ACT IV. SCENE I.

ELENA.

You 're come at length—  
'Tis you! O God! what keen, what dread suspense  
Has this your absence caused. In my despair,  
I paced the chamber, and to every sound  
Intensely listened; when, perchance, the noise  
Of some slow-falling oar aroused my hope,  
I leant across the balcony, and there  
Hung silent, till the gondola that passed  
Left me dejected, motionless, and pale.  
All, save this beating heart, then sunk to rest;  
I saw the stars retire, the night advance,  
And neighbouring palaces, athwart the shade,

Their forms melt into darkness, and their lights,  
Piercing the dusky canopy of heaven,  
E'en to the last expire, absorbed in gloom.  
How expectation and the midnight hour  
Protract the lapse of time ! I could not chase  
Those dark misgivings ; but with inward fear  
Started, awe-struck ; and why ?—'t were hard to tell.

## LOUIS XI.

C. DELAVIGNE.

---

Coitier, the physician of Louis XI., gives the following description of the life he leads with him :—

## ACT I.

DID I not lord it o'er him, bold in speech,  
 The King would be the tyrant of his leech.  
 Is he not?—Brethren, envious of my place,  
 May God preserve ye from a like disgrace ;  
 Gall'd by the yoke, when that proud serf denies  
 The bondage, in his throat the recreant lies.  
 Another's property beyond control,  
 With a slave's body I have pledged my soul :  
 Cursed in my absence ; when at hand, beset ;—  
 The health he lacks, he yields me with regret :  
 More than the menials who along the road  
 Support his litter, bowed beneath a load,



Do I, a constant follower in the train,  
Go where he goes, and where he halts, remain ;  
Confined beside him when his mind gives way,  
And sinks progressive with the close of day.  
When this sad tower's portcullis falls, whose sound  
Scarce re-assures him as it rings the ground,  
Must I, fixed watchful near the royal bed,  
Bear with the fancies of his sleepless head.  
Who hears the King a treacherous dream deny,  
Then make a false avowal, who but I?—  
I, in his fury spurned with stern disdain ;  
I, at the hour of danger called again ;  
I, whom he names when pitiless remorse  
Draws an unwilling pang from guilt by force !  
But if his mental or corporeal throes  
Still leave me day and night without repose,  
When this vain shadow masters inward strife,  
And, dying, feigns the look of vigorous life,—  
I laugh to scorn, experienced in disease,  
The sick man's efforts to appear at ease ;  
I keep his tortured frame upon the stretch,  
And, thus made wretched, make my liege a wretch !  
We linger on united, while the growth  
Of mutual wrongs becomes a curse to both,—

Each other's tyrant, fastened to the stake,—  
A loathsome compact, aye about to break,  
Till Death, retributively just, untwine  
My days, his capture—hours, no longer mine—  
And, dreadful arbiter ! betwixt us thrown,  
Exacting his life, gives me back my own.

‘LES ENFANS D’EDOUARD.’

C. DELAVIGNE.

---

TYRREL recounts his past life to the Duke of Gloster.

To the ripe sober age of manhood grown,  
 I have, your Lordship, all but virtue known;  
 Yet, if in dying I could win the smile  
 Of that coy prude, to die were worth my while.  
 Still, ne’er will I forswear my bold career:  
 I an apostate! Never;—generous cheer,  
 Amours, debts, duels,—on the public gaze  
 I thrust each vice a gentleman displays.  
 Judge if my friends were numerous; for, in vain  
 Beggared three times, behold me rich again;  
 Had you but seen us, true to Pleasure’s call,  
 Around the punch-bowl, drink in flame and all;  
 Through our rash, desperate hands the guineas glide,  
 The ebb and flow of Fortune’s varying tide;

What merry nights! the cards obeyed my will;  
Lucky at play; as lover, happier still!  
I had a son, my own—his father's joy;  
I know not how it was, I loved the boy,—  
Aye, e'en to dotage; on a gambler's oath,  
The lad was quite adorable in troth,—  
When, 'midst the rattling dice and coin unroll'd,  
He trampled under foot the piles of gold;  
Oh! he was all my fondness could desire,  
And the son promised to eclipse the sire.  
Of ready wit precocious from his birth;  
The most amusing little fiend on earth.  
My fiend is now an angel!—nothing more;  
God took him from me, wounded at the core.  
'Twas my death-blow; I sought, with sorrow rife,  
A new existence in a boisterous life,  
And whistled down the wind, bonds, wealth, regret;  
My reason next hard struggling to forget.  
No longer seen to sport, in Fashion's wake,  
The costly follies of a well-bred rake,  
View me, with men intemperate habits scorch,—  
The tavern's dregs, and comrades in debauch,—  
A bankrupt, prodigal of means and strength,  
Reach crime's extremest verge; then sink, at length,

Too poor to furnish out a last excess  
And die inebriate. Pinched by sore distress,  
I woke a hungry, broken malcontent,  
And learnt my misery to its full extent.  
You mention Tyburn: if it be the plan  
To send me there, securely claim your man;  
I feel nor pang, nor scruple; what is worse,  
I've not a shilling left—the heavier curse!  
Be heaven, or hell, or nullity the goal,  
The body's reached its bourn; God speed my soul!

## TARTUFFE.

## PART OF ACT I. SCENE VI.

*Characters—*ORGON, CLEANTE.

ORGON.

AH! our first interview had you but known,  
You'd feel a friendship kindred to my own.  
Each day he came, meek-faced, intent to please,  
And fronted me at church upon his knees;  
There, in his prayers, with ardour so profound,  
He sighed, and sobbed, and groaned, and kissed the  
ground,  
Until he fixed the gaze of all around;  
And at the close he often went before,  
To serve me the blest fountain at the door.  
Taught by his man, the counterpart in all,  
Both of his slender means and pious call,  
I made him sundry gifts; but he, poor soul,  
Returned me part; he ne'er would take the whole.

"These are misplaced ; I do not merit such,—  
They are too much"—he cried—"by half too much."  
When to receive them back I scorned outright,  
He gave them to the paupers, in my sight.  
But Heaven ordained it, that its favoured son  
Should live beneath my roof ;—Heaven's will be done !  
For, since, prosperity attends our life ;—  
He looks to all,—aye, even to my wife ;  
More jealous than myself, he points out those  
Whose eyes, in secret, amorous tales disclose.  
And his devotion is beyond belief :  
The merest failing is the source of grief ;  
He stands of unjust vengeance self-accused,  
In having mercy to a flea refused ;  
'Cause he dispatched it, during evening prayer,  
With too much wrath,—behold him in despair.

CLEANTE.

Now, brother, by my soul 'tis far too bad ;  
You're laughing in my face, or else are mad !  
What means the licence which you're pleased to take ?

ORGON.

My brother, this discourse betrays the rake :  
You're overmuch disposed to join the throng ;  
You too are tainted, and inclined to wrong.

As I have oft forewarned you, have a care ;  
The fatal consequence beware—beware !  
An hour may come you will receive your due.

## CLEANTE.

This is the usual cant of such as you ;  
Prompt to reprove, and eager to condemn,  
They would that all the world were blind, like them ;  
And he 's called base and profligate whose brain  
Is free from bigotry, who sees too plain,  
And who adores not pomp and empty show,—  
- Has no respect for sanctity below.  
Go, go ; your arguments no dread impart ;  
My thoughts are spotless, and God knows my heart.  
Let those who will be slaves, bow low the knee,—  
Fawn on these formalists ; thank Heaven ! we're free.  
As bullies pass for brave, e'en thus, no doubt,  
Are there false saints at core misnamed devout ;  
And as the truly brave in their career  
Are not the men whose speech inspires our fear,  
E'en thus are those not truly good whose face  
Is fraught with omen, trickery, and grimace.  
What ! in your conduct, can you draw no line  
Between fictitious fervour and divine ?—



'Twixt art and candour does no difference strike?—  
And would you honour mask and face alike?—  
Alike esteem the substance and the shade—  
Confound true coin with that ignobly made?  
Men are strange creatures, and no tie can bind  
In the true space the mass of human kind:  
Reason's too circumscribed; so, while they reap  
Her choicest fruits, the boundaries they o'erleap.  
E'en virtue, to all earthly good the key,  
They mar, when forced beyond a just degree.  
Brother, take these remarks as mere discourse.

ORGON.

Yes, they are arguments replete with force:  
You are a doctor, learn'd above the rest;  
All worldly wisdom's centered in your breast:  
A sage, a modern Cato; by your creed,  
Your fellow-creatures are poor things indeed.

CLEANTE.

I'm not a doctor, learn'd above the rest;  
Nor is all wisdom centered in my breast:  
My science but pretends, and 'tis not new,  
To mark the difference 'twixt the false and true.  
As there are none more worthy of the pen  
And voice of Fame than really pious men,—

Nought nobler, or to all the good more dear,  
Than is a fervour holy and sincere ;—  
So is there nought more impudently vile  
Than specious fronts which cover hearts of guile,—  
Than these religious mountebanks, who 've made  
Of sacred truths a calling and a trade ;  
Who, while they watch their interests, plainly sneer  
At all the rites which mortals most revere ;  
And would take wealth, rank, honours, by surprise,  
With forced contortions and uplifted eyes ;—  
Who, with an ardour of no common leaven,  
Gain fortunes by directing souls to heaven ;—  
Who live by charities from day to day,  
And canvass favours while they burn and pray ;—  
Who haunt the court, with brow o'erspread with gloom,  
And preach retreat—in the state drawing-room :  
Perfidious, faithless, eager to avenge,  
These will make duty square with their revenge ;  
And, while they insolently wave the rod,  
Misname their own bad cause—the cause of God.  
More dangerous, since—implacable, severe—  
They, armed with powers which all good men revere,  
The basest passion, oft approved, reveal,  
And murder with a consecrated steel.

The false disciples are too common grown ;  
But the devout in heart are easier known.  
Thus great and bright examples I may give,  
Made to adorn the age in which they live :  
Observe Aristo, Polydor, Clitander,  
Alcidas, Orontes, Periander,—  
These do not claim that name, or take for guide  
This bragging virtue, this unhallowed pride ;  
They are not fierce, nor arrogant, nor vain,—  
Their piety is cheerful and humane ;  
They censure not mankind,—but keep aloof,  
And find too much presumption in reproof.  
Leaving this boldness to the vulgar throng,  
They shew, by deeds, the sense of right and wrong :  
Mild in their judgments, without spleen or gall,—  
With them appearance is not all in all ;  
Without intrigue each follows up his plan,  
To live and die as fits an honest man :  
A culprit, less disposed to blame than win,—  
They spare the sinner, while they hate the sin ;  
Nor take upon them, with a zeal extreme,  
Heaven's cause more freely than Heaven's self may deem.  
These are examples I would ne'er disown :  
Your model is far different, you must own ;

And though your candour may not be denied,  
I fear you're dazzled by a false outside.

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## PART OF ACT III. SCENE III.

*Characters—TARTUFFE, ELMIRE.*

## TARTUFFE.

The ardent yearnings of religious love  
Fix not the soul entire on thoughts above;  
And we can feel the joys which owe their birth  
To Heaven's most beauteous image upon earth.  
While in your equals its perfections shine,  
It showers on you a grace the most divine;  
Upon that face is lavished all its cost,—  
Where eyes are riveted, and hearts are lost.  
Enchanting creature! as I gaze on you,  
I but admire nature's great Author too;  
Rapt in the charm, to realms of bliss conveyed,  
I view the Godhead on your front pourtrayed.  
He gave that best of portraits when he drew  
Those looks, where his own matchless art beams  
through.

At first I feared some dark, mysterious power  
Had snared my weakness in an evil hour ;  
That safety was in flight ;—no way but this  
To reach the summit of eternal bliss :  
But now I feel assured, O beauteous dame,  
That I may purely nurse a virtuous flame ;  
Therefore it is I seek but to impart  
This melting tenderness which sways my heart.  
The offer of my plight I own as bold,  
And the risk mighty,—but my tale is told.  
In all my sufferings I must reckon still  
Not these weak efforts, but your own good will :  
In you is all my hope, my staff and rest,  
My misery, or my happiness confessed ;  
'Tis your decree must end this mental strife,—  
It makes me blest, or else a wretch for life.

ELMIRE.

In truth, the time and place are strange to ply  
This declaration of your gallantry ;  
And yet methinks you should some force combine,  
And arm your breast against a like design.  
A saint renowned should weigh so bold a plan.

TARTUFFE.

A saint, 'tis true ; but am I less a man ?

When I beheld your face, my heart was won,  
My reason vanquished, and my soul undone.  
This doctrine may seem strange, perhaps appal;  
Yet, madam, I'm no angel, after all;  
And if this frank avowal you condemn,  
Think on your charms, and lay the blame to them.  
When first I saw that heavenly beauty tower  
Above your sex with more than human power,—  
Those meek, soft glances, that angelic form,  
Subdued my vows, and took my faith by storm;  
Prevailed o'er all my fasts, and tears, and cares;  
I found their spell more potent than my prayers.  
These sighs and looks have long revealed their choice,  
And now I call in to their aid my voice;  
Deign but to comfort with a tone less grave  
The tribulations of your wretched slave;  
But condescend my feelings to console,—  
Pouring the balm on this unworthy soul;  
And then command my heart's best, inmost core,  
With a devotion quite unknown before.  
My outward conduct will betray no trace,—  
Your honour, in my hands, risks no disgrace;  
For courtiers, loved by ladies, oft deceive,  
Are vain, and boast the favours they receive;

They can dishonour, as they blast a name,  
The altar, where they offer up their flame.  
But we are lovers sure ; we can return  
Love for your love, and yet discreetly burn :  
The caution lest our weakness should be known,  
Is the best guarantie to hide your own ;  
And 'tis in us you find a pledge sincere,—  
Love without scandal, bliss exempt from fear.

## THE MISANTHROPE.

## PART OF ACT II. SCENE V.

## ELIANTE.

Love scorns these laws, obeys no public voice,—  
The constant lover ever boasts his choice ;  
His passion cannot blame ; it still approves,—  
And all is amiable in her he loves :  
Faults seem perfections, and his doting flame  
Gilds e'en her failings with a specious name :  
The pale, are dazzling white and fair as snow ;  
The dark complexions have a matchless glow ;  
The thin, are finely made and seem at ease ;  
The large, majestically formed to please ;  
The sloven, or plain maid, disposed to sue,—  
A beauty unadorned in her they view ;  
The giantess is Juno, in their sight ;  
The dwarf, a sylph, sprung from the realms of light ;



The proud are peerless, not to be withstood,—  
Worthy a sceptre ;—and, the fool is good ;  
The gossip, cheerful ; and the slanderous fair,  
A witty person, of acquirements rare ;  
And she to whom much converse is denied,  
Takes a becoming decency for guide.  
Vain of his conquest, thus the amorous swain  
Loves e'en the faults which give a stranger pain.

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## PART OF ACT III. SCENE V.

*Characters—*ARSINOE, CELIMENE.

## ARSINOE.

True friendship, above all, should ne'er be blind,  
Or hide the failings which regard mankind ;  
For nought is more important, upon earth,  
Than what may touch our honesty and worth.  
I come a serious warning to impart,  
In true and simple purity of heart.  
Yesterday, then, it chanced that I might wait  
On gentry of repute and high estate :

Our greeting o'er, the conference began ;  
And upon you the conversation ran.  
Your life, they said, was such as they might deem  
Short of decorum, and the world's esteem.  
This love of coquetry and pride of state—  
The crowd of suitors who besiege your gate—  
Gave rise to censure, and sarcastic ire  
More keen than I, your friend, could e'en desire.  
'Twas then, in the emergency, God knows,  
I took your part, as you may well suppose ;  
I pledged your life exempt from rank abuse,  
And gave good motives as your best excuse.  
Yet are there certain faults, with all our care,  
Admitting no excuse, so strong their glare ;  
And I was forced to own, beyond dispute,  
Your conduct bordered upon bad repute ;  
That still the world will talk, that foes abound,  
Rumours are spread, and slanderous tales go round ;  
That, if you liked, your fame might yet be pure  
From judgments false, from evil tongues secure ;  
Not on the whole, but that—such was my plea—  
From moral frailties I believe you free.  
From such impure conclusions, or from aught  
That tends thereto, may Heaven avert the thought !

But shades oft pass for substance ; what's confessed  
Induces a bad world to forge the rest :

"Tis not enough to have a spotless mind,—

A virtuous female must respect mankind.

Madam, for all now past, your own good sense

Assures me that you will not take offence ;

Your judgment, I'm convinced, is not so nice

As to revolt against sincere advice ;

Ascribe it rather to the zeal alone

Which makes me watch your interests as my own.

CELIMENE.

Madam, I thank you ; far from taking ill

These precious tokens of extreme good will,

I seize on the occasion to disclose

A warning that concerns your own repose ;

And, as I find you shew yourself my friend,—

Retailing public scandal,—to this end,

So fair a pattern I would needs pursue,

By telling what is whispered round of you.

While on a visit, then, some days ago,

To people of high rank I chanced to know,—

Conversing on true faith, and hearts sincere,

The subject turned upon your own career :

Your prudery, and false show of outward care,  
Were cited, not as models the most fair;  
These endless sermons, you so oft hold forth,  
On self-denial, probity, and worth;  
This keen desire to construe to offence  
Some luckless speech admitting double sense,—  
For lectures on lewd dealings the pretence;  
The self-esteem by which you are spell-bound,  
That makes you look with scorn on all around;  
The bitter censure which your friends endure,  
On things however innocent and pure.  
All this was rudely blamed; and, to be free,  
In terms to which all present might agree.  
“Why this apparent humbleness, when Pride  
But cloaks her vices with a fair outside?  
Although the vespers she may ne’er forget,  
Her servants she ill treats, and is in debt.  
At church, no one more fervent at her prayer;  
Yet she paints white, and would seem young and fair.  
’Gainst glowing pictures she’s been known to rail,  
And o’er a young Antinous flings a veil;  
But there are hints, she has not thus withstood  
The more substantial charms of flesh and blood.”

M

For me, I said 'twas calumny and spite,  
And took upon myself your part outright ;  
But all the rest stood firm, opposed my choice,  
And rallied me, with no one dissenting voice.  
They argued, you 'd do well to leave alone  
Your neighbour's actions, and correct your own ;  
That when you take in hand the pruning-knife,  
You should display yourself a virtuous life ;  
E'en then 'twere best to leave a cause most just  
To those invested with a sacred trust.  
Madam, for all now past, your own good sense  
Assures me too, you will not take offence ;  
Your judgment, I'm convinced, is not so nice  
As to revolt against sincere advice ;  
Ascribe it rather to the zeal alone,  
Which makes me watch your interests as my own.

## THE COMEDIANS.

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### ACT II. SCENE I.

*Characters—*BERNARD, VICTOR.

VICTOR.

BELIEVE it not. O, were that hour my last,  
When I stake honour on so vile a cast!

BERNARD.

Your friends, your relatives, adopt your cause.

VICTOR.

And must I count, then, on their fond applause?

BERNARD.

Why not, sir? 'tis the custom of the day.

VICTOR.

Fie on such scandal, then! Away, away!

BERNARD.

Your partisans are managed with address;  
'Tis they who guarantee your full success.

You've forty tickets, given at my request;  
Employ them well.

VICTOR.

In truth, a fine behest!

BERNARD (*Presenting the tickets to him*).

Make good your privilege, and speak them fair.

VICTOR (*Tearing them to pieces*).

Thus, then, and thus, I scatter them in air!

BERNARD.

Why, this is madness!

VICTOR.

No; I scorn the power  
Which buys, or steals, the triumph of an hour;  
These shrewd manœuvres of your men of wit,  
Backed by the noisy bullies of the pit.  
'Tis often thus an author, in default  
Of merit, takes the public by assault.  
What! have I vainly conquered all disgust,  
Injustice braved, and, faithful to my trust,  
Consumed the midnight taper to refine  
Each doubtful phrase, and polish every line,—  
That twenty hireling substitutes should mould  
The public taste, and spread applause for gold?

Ere such a victory shall soothe my pride,  
Farewell to glory, let what will betide :  
I would submit each beauty and defect,  
And canvass the world's judgment with respect.  
Woe to the man who, heedless to the call  
Of this best, truest critic of them all,  
Vain and presumptuous, in the hope to please,  
Thinks he can blind his credulous judge with ease !  
The audience disabused,—with all his care,  
Behold him sink, the victim of the snare ;  
And his bright talent, fraught with heavenly fire,  
Filches the prize to which it might aspire.

BERNARD.

But 'tis absurd ! this honour out of place !  
Are you reformer of the human race ?  
Victor ! a debutant !—or say, have you  
Gained in reserve an editor or two ?

VICTOR.

No.

BERNARD.

If, by chance, you fall beneath their pen ?

VICTOR.

'Tis a misfortune, I must own. What then ?



## BERNARD.

Write, and implore their shelter from disgrace ;  
At least you 'll see your critic face to face.

## VICTOR.

No ; never, never ! What imports to them  
My face, when they approve me, or condemn ?  
The journalist is dastardly, if bought ;  
Mean, if, from scruple, he may veil his thought ;  
Fool, if he 's softened when his aid I sue ;  
In short, a good work damns a bad review.  
What ! would you have me court, upon his throne,  
Some self-styled arbiter of taste, unknown,  
Whose dangerous pages venom'd trash condense,  
And give the lie to reason and to sense ?  
Who, would he judge an author, must agree  
First to consult his favourite coterie ?  
Whose odious satire, o'er an empire spread,  
Defames the writer's work he has not read ?  
If such are the false gods I must adore,—  
Their shafts, believe me, touch me not at core :  
Antagonists like these I ne'er shall fly ;  
Their very hatred is my best reply.  
There are, be sure, your critics undisguised,  
Courageous champions of worth despised,

Who lend a voice which no vile arts may claim,  
And traffick not in eulogy or blame;  
Whose judgment true, by passion unalloyed,  
Knows how to lash a talent misemployed.  
I prize too highly merit such as theirs  
To importune them with my servile prayers.  
If e'er my toil be crowned, my worth confess'd,  
I shall not owe it to one prepossess'd.  
I may then say,—“ At least he writes his thought;  
He knows me not; his suffrage is unbought.”  
With what contentment will my heart dilate,—  
What grief will not that knowledge compensate!  
This is the prize to which I would aspire,—  
The mark, the beacon of my fond desire;  
A matchless treasure,—end of all my woes;  
Not bought too dearly by my life's repose.

## BERNARD.

These sentiments are fine; yet, spite their power,  
One starves with nought but honour for a dower.  
Lucilia is my darling; and, beguiled  
By her sweet temper, and affections mild,  
I feel a father's fondness for the child.  
A jewel you'd deprive me of; what then?  
This, in a husband, I cannot condemn;

Yet, would my child might live,—may't not displease,—  
If not in affluence, at least in ease.

You prize this wretched trade; for full success  
I must then stipulate, and nothing less;—  
Whose splendour dazzles, with increasing growth,  
The world, the critics,—and not one, but both.  
But I am called: the choice I leave to thee;  
This, or no marriage; 'tis my fixed decree.

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PART OF ACT III. SCENE XI.

*Characters*—GRANVILLE, VICTOR.

GRANVILLE.

I must explain. By Blinval's kind advice,  
I seized on your allusions in a trice;  
Even some well-known characters, and such  
As, candidly, I beg you will retouch:  
They shrewdly glance at more than one great man.

VICTOR.

If I curtail them, and reform my plan?

GRANVILLE.

Your play will be performed,—

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VICTOR.

Should I refuse,—

You'll say, "Excess in all begets abuse ;  
E'en wisdom errs, when too intensely nursed ;"  
A truth which I myself allow the first ;  
And yet I deem it base, intent to please,  
To cramp my thoughts for interests such as these.  
That no satiric stroke may intervene,  
To hurt no living soul, where place the scene?—  
How foil the judge, whose malice finds a way  
Which quite outstrips the author of the play?  
These watchful friends! to gain their hard-earned smile,  
I must then shift it to a desert isle.

GRANVILLE.

But can you not with modesty unfold,  
And throw a veil upon a truth too bold?

VICTOR.

There are those bards, who, labouring to beguile  
A jealous reader, enervate their style ;  
Preferring vapid writers of romance,—  
The spleen of England to the mirth of France.  
The stage, as less punctilious, known to rear  
A hardier race, demands a muse sincere.  
If always tortured by ignoble fears,  
First say, can I command your smiles or tears?—

When I efface the colours,—hopeless task,—  
And hide the real with imposture's mask?  
If ever truth were needful, 'tis confess'd  
The drama claims it more than all the rest;  
And if great Molière knew how to impart,  
And reach at once the summit of his art,  
'Tis, that his portraits true, unknown to fail,  
Made more than one original grow pale.

## GRANVILLE.

My friend, believe me, pass an act of grace,  
Abjure the boards, and spare the human race;  
Nor, sword in hand, be all your anger hurl'd  
With rash invective on the learned world.  
No! paint the country in descriptive verse;  
With well-timed strains your patron's lady nurse;  
Or, laud the Prefect's ever open purse.  
E'en thus succeed;—the great will vaunt your powers—  
Drink to your triumph in their joyous hours,  
While your melodious sonnets they rehearse,  
They'll say,—“The youth makes admirable verse.”  
For this were wise indeed, to shew your sense,  
And still display your wit without offence.  
But you must blame; and whom?—the hypocrite,  
The proud, the false, the fool, the parasite.

These follies, which you think to overthrow,  
The stage has done them justice long ago.  
Would you to mar this prosperous age aspire,  
And prove the son more wicked than the sire?

VICTOR.

The present race may equal those of yore ;  
But I may lash them, if they 're worth no more.  
'Tis satire fails ! Oh, rise again, Molière ;  
For this our age demands thy genius rare !  
Change follows change ; our follies, once let loose,  
By thousands greater follies reproduce.  
Would you restrain the demon ?—then renew  
Reason's just empire ; if the charge be true,—  
Reform the world ; from parties drive away  
The false and would-be Catos of the day ;  
Correct these noble splenetics, whose birth  
Owns nothing save hereditary worth ;—  
Best libels of the powers themselves obey,—  
Galled by the very chains that deck their sway ;  
Teach reason to the matron, who, beguiled,  
Must rule the nation, and neglects her child ;  
Respect the stranger, but without pretence,—  
Nor ape his customs at our own expense ;

As innovators, innovations greet,—  
E'en in our very novelties discreet ;  
Let litterati keep the proper route,—  
Not to the Senate, but the Institute ;  
Melt parties into one,—a general zeal,—  
Not yours, or mine, but for the common weal.  
To lash our faults were then a vain desire ;  
To sing our praise I'd consecrate my lyre ;  
Blest if posterity should learn, through me,  
My country's praise, and not its flattery.

## GRANVILLE.

Should no strange chance, from India's climes, unfold  
Some rich succession in those realms of gold,—  
Fatal too oft to bards,—with Gilbert classed,  
Poor and abandoned you may die at last.

## VICTOR.

Could Gilbert hear us from the charnel gloom,  
What rhyming vein would seize him in the tomb !  
A generous instinct, I may not defy,  
Urges me still to share his destiny ;  
The prize I claim, in this corrupted age,—  
Misfortune, virtue, fame,—a noble heritage.

## PART OF ACT IV. SCENE V.

*Characters—*VICTOR, FLORIDOR.

VICTOR.

Ah, true ; 'tis well, no doubt, sir, to refine,  
To soften down the part ; the task is mine.  
But tell me, after all, by what strange power  
You dictate thus the fancy of an hour ?  
When I first read my piece, it had your voice,—  
It passed the scrutiny ; by general choice  
It was acknowledged such as they might deem  
Gave more than hopes, and merited esteem.  
Will you retract ? and shall the common vote  
Be now reversed, because you 've changed your note ?  
What then seemed good, is now scarce fit to read,—  
Must be retrenched,—is pitiful indeed !  
Your mood may vary, yet the art 's the same ;  
I may offend,—my work exempt from blame.  
But, were it not so ; surely, in result  
Of failure, scarce the actor they insult :  
Though it be hissed, you 'll not dishonoured live ;  
For 'tis my comedy, not yours, they give.



And say, do you reflect, when you dispraise,  
By what great sacrifice of nights and days,  
And by what toil,—which here I shall abridge,—  
I gained an author's wretched privilege?  
This character, so trivial to your mind,  
I long time studied, and long time combined;  
These lines, which thus offend your squeamish taste,  
Not without meaning in your mouth are placed.  
But no! your right of judgment, once acquired,  
By unrelenting censure is inspired:  
Then judge, then criticize, pronounce aloud,—  
Receive the incense of a flattering crowd!  
When swayed by humour, self-styled Aristarch,  
You boldly lay about you in the dark;  
And 'tis for us to lend the hand that waves  
Your laurel wreath, to hug our chains as slaves,  
And to receive, discountenanced and spurned,  
The scorn, the hiss, which you alone have earned.

## FLORIDOR.

How eloquent! 'pon honour, faith, your spite  
Might wound, but that it makes me laugh outright.  
You blame us; and pray why, sir? 'Tis a pity  
Your play has been received by the committee.

After six years, at most, by special grace,  
'Tis brought into review, and takes its place :  
Anon our repetitions are in train ;  
For five long months we tire our voice and brain ;  
A phrase displeases ; I exact, no doubt,  
That, for your interest, it may be cut out.  
Your anger kindles, then—your pride takes fire ;  
There's an explosion, and one burst of ire.  
I'm a poor judge, but 'tis a hackneyed song,  
That he who blames is ever in the wrong.  
I know it ; yet, 'tis hard ; for you discern,  
And pay our goodness with a poor return.

VICTOR.

Your *goodness* ! Aid my memory, and reply,—  
What is the goodness which you sound thus high ?  
Is it from goodness that you condescend  
To hear the authors whom you recommend ?  
A part is just adapted to your call ;  
It honours you ;—'tis *goodness*, after all !  
In hopes that full success may largely pay,  
You then are *good* enough to act our play.  
But, I forget myself ; 'tis understood ;  
And I'm ungrateful, sir, as you are *good*.

FLORIDOR.

"Tis mighty fine. What! now you're flippant grown;  
We'll see if we can't make you change your tone.  
Your play shall straight be laid upon the shelf:  
I'm master here.

VICTOR.

Who'll dare oppose?

FLORIDOR.

Myself.

I hasten, too, this moment—

VICTOR (*In anger*).

"Tis in vain,—

To hear my story out, you must remain.  
Do you suppose that I had meanly sought  
Your wretched scorn, but for the after-thought,  
That I might soothe my pride, and, without fear,  
Whisper some passing home-truths in your ear?  
"Tis insult, this, I know; and, to be brief,  
Past all presumption, and beyond belief;  
But shuffle, turn which way you may, yet still  
You must endure my anger—my ill will.

*[He seizes Floridor by the arm.]*

When you defend your art, you overrate  
Its claims; its duties you exaggerate.

Do you fulfil these duties?—do they bind?  
What is their nature?—how are they confined?  
To march triumphantly from crown to crown,  
From North to South,—the Rhine to the Garonne;  
To drive a phaeton; of your month's account,  
Sent by the manager, to sign the amount;—  
To build, to plant, to travel on till dark,  
Mile after mile,—yet be within your park;  
As feudal lords, divided from the throne,  
To make some small provincial town your own?

FLORIDOR.

—Sir—

VICTOR (*Retaining him by the arm*).

—You must hear me. For, by your delay,  
The theatre hastens yearly to decay.  
What manuscripts, yet new, but soiled with rust,  
Rot on the shelves, and crumble into dust;  
As orphans, fatherless! The mouldering page  
First sees the light at sixty years of age;  
And when indeed you offer them at last,  
Mangled, reduced to suit the actor's cast,  
They fall back to oblivion, as of course,—  
Sliced into morsels, without fire or force.

N

What power have authors 'gainst a like disgust?  
From mere despair, they abdicate the trust;  
The victims of your pride, they quit their place,  
And lend their wit to vaudevilles and grimace.  
Thus perishes at once, beyond redress,  
The germ of talent and of bright success;  
Letters decline; you dim the opening ray  
Of genius, and past glories fade away.  
I know how dear my frankness now may cost;  
I read my destiny,—my toil is lost.  
But rather by the labour of my hand  
Would I obscurely live, and plough the land,  
Helpless, and hopeless, and without my due,  
Than beg my fame and happiness of you.—  
Farewell. —

‘L'ÉCOLE DES VIEILLARDS.’

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PART OF ACT I. SCENE I.

*Characters—*DANVILLE, BONNARD.

DANVILLE.

MARRIAGE has sweets thy old age ne'er can know.

BONNARD.

The plague outweighs the comfort they bestow.

I am not one whose generous nature vies

In hugging ills paternity supplies.

Charming embarrassment! I own 't may be

Wealthy to vegetate in poverty;

To live on nutshells for twelve years, or more,

And portion daughters when that term is o'er;

To rank with men whose jealousy takes fire

If some young rake to court their wife aspire;

And, awkward gaolers of a country bride,

Intrigue to keep the lover from her side.

No Madam Bonnard begs me, as a boon,  
To dance till day-break, and then sleep till noon ;  
No mantua-maker's bills my ledgers mount,  
And swell the items in the month's account ;  
Till desperation gives my projects vent  
On the frail tenure of a three per cent.  
Close to my chest I lie, nor dread surprise ;  
Sleep when stocks fall, or waken as they rise ;  
At two I dine, our good forefathers' way,—  
And give myself, like them, four meals a day.  
No hunger gnaws me, as an ill-timed guest,  
Till my wife's ready, or my daughter's dressed.  
My government is despotism complete ;  
I rise at pleasure, or sit down to meat ;  
Unrivalled, free, at no one's beck or call,—  
Wrapt up in self, I still am all in all.  
Celibacy ! Celibacy ! can bliss  
Which springs from wedlock cope with joy like this ?  
Too happy man ! Beyond all doubt 'tis clear,  
No humble citizen, just raised a peer,—  
No conquering general,—no bard in vogue,—  
No rich stock-jobber, whitewashed from a rogue,—  
Is freer, easier, happier, upon earth ;  
No ! if not bachelor,—a prince by birth !

## DANVILLE.

My judgment I maintain, and combat thine ;  
Nay, still insist, the state the most divine  
Is that of a long-widowed spouse, who flies  
Once more to the dear bond which you despise :  
He loves, and cheats the horrors of the tomb.  
My wife of life's decline has chased the gloom ;  
Before, I scarcely lived, so harsh and triste ;—  
I vegetated then, but now exist.  
How many a soft and charming interview !—  
She has her faults, I know,—but have not you ?  
Her youth, you think, to friends will prove a sore ;  
Yet I'm more courted than I was before.  
My purse, when in her hand, puts scorn to flight ;  
I'm rich, and brave the quizzing world outright ;  
And one good action, that I learn by stealth,  
Requites me when she's lavish of my wealth.  
Hortense is hasty ; well,—and so am I.  
Sometimes we quarrel ; yet I know not why.  
Her grace is such, my rage can ne'er last long ;  
And I concede, although she's in the wrong.  
Am I fatigued, or ill, her ready arm  
Assists, and o'er my rambles spreads a charm ;



I've one to pity me in all my woes,  
And one to listen when I choose to prose;  
With pride I gaze upon that healthy glow,  
Those sprightly looks, and that soft breast of snow:  
She is the morning star, whose dazzling ray  
Still smooths my passage through the livelong day.  
The hand of Time may buffet me in vain;  
I love, am loved,—Youth grants her powers again.

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## PART OF ACT I. SCENE V.

*Characters—*HORTENSE, DANVILLE.

HORTENSE.

In all my purchases, I took for guide  
Whate'er was necessary,—nought beside.

DANVILLE.

What do you call these lamps of foreign mould,—  
This crystal work,—the shelves of fretted gold?  
The furniture too good for use, and such  
As a plain man may scarcely dare to touch?  
Is this, too, useful?

HORTENSE.

Ay, and something more ;

'Tis necessary, as I've said before ;  
In you 'tis natural, and lends a grace  
To the solicitor who courts a place.  
To be receiver-general you 'd try,  
And yet you mean to live six stories high.  
Who'll visit one whose state belies his birth ?  
For wealth, at Paris, gives the stamp of worth.  
Display your gold : he who commands a store  
Has but the juster claim to ask for more.  
My mother still assures me, I must bind  
And gain with show of opulence mankind :  
When once they say he's rich, you may believe  
There but remains to ask, and to receive.  
I own I wished to dazzle with address  
A little ; but a little, I confess.  
Much were a fault : a little, then, I say,  
Is necessary, and brooks no delay.

DANVILLE.

There is some truth in this : but to what end  
Do these eternal costly parties tend ?—  
These dinners, where some thirty friends are found  
True to the Monday as the week comes round ?

They are superfluous.

HORTENSE.

You're wrong indeed ;  
Our Mondays' feasts superfluous !—take heed ;  
For 'tis my fairest prospect ; to be plain,  
It gives me, in these matters, constant pain,  
When I observe your want of tact ; 'tis then  
You are an age behind the rest of men.  
You must have one day certain to invite  
Parties to dinner, and our friends at night :  
Some men of wit and talent, the noblesse,  
And the best writers ; we can do no less.  
These pass their jokes, collision fires the brain,  
And we have authors as we have champagne.  
Good eating of the age is but the sign ;  
The world condemns it ; and what then ?—they dine.  
But not one feast a week ! thus to resist,  
As client, is to beg to be dismissed.  
You client ! you're a candidate ; and know  
There is not a state clerk who will not bow  
To the rich, sumptuous Crassus, who is able  
To ply his merits 'cross a well-spread table.  
Patrons, or protégés, before the sun  
Which cheers their Excellencies, 'tis but one ;

'Twixt wine and walnuts they'll give out their fiat;—  
But tell me not of patrons upon diet.  
Reception tires; yet, 'tis an ill you'll call  
A necessary evil, after all.

DANVILLE.

Give, then, your dinners, madam; I'm content;  
But waive this numerous establishment;—  
Your coachman, and this libel on mankind,  
The tall Herculean *chasseur* perched behind.  
This splendid coach is needless, you'll agree;  
What makes you keep it?

HORTENSE.

What! necessity.

I made the purchase for yourself alone;  
For you must court the powerful, to be known.  
Would you then visit them, and take the air,  
Placed in a numbered coach,—so much the fare;  
With springs all battered, and with cushions bare?  
A noble part you'd act. To sport the sage,  
You'll walk, perhaps;—how decent, at your age!  
How will you manage when, fatigued at night,  
A play allures us,—for 'tis my delight?  
Must I then go quite comfortless, and fret,  
Passing the time alone, and with regret?

But think how happy, with yourself for guide,  
We should enjoy the evening, side by side.  
I would be blest—though this you weakness call—  
In your dear company, or not at all :  
This is the end to which I would aspire ;  
To you superfluous,—but my first desire.

DANVILLE.

And I accused you ! How can I remove  
The shameful tendency, and prove my love ?

HORTENSE.

This is not all. To speak without disguise,  
And justify a movement of surprise,—  
T'excuse your sudden air of discontent,—  
I hasten to make known the sums I've spent.  
You love retirement : for a reading mood,  
I have prepared a charming solitude.  
'Tis dear ; but there, in gilded frames, are placed  
Your favourite authors, lettered and incased.  
The Duke, our patron, in his complaisance,  
For you gives up his garden. To enhance  
The favour, then, for whose use have I thrown  
These funds away ? Ungrateful ! for your own.  
You must confess, a garden, in despite  
Of this ill will, was always your delight.

And I've embellished it: a calm retreat,  
Far from the noisy bustle of the street,  
Invites to slumber, and around bestows  
A rural shelter, comfort, and repose.  
But nothing springs from nothing; and to give,  
Marks not the greedy age in which we live:  
You'll have, in Paris,—though I grant 'tis dear,—  
The country's verdure more than half the year.  
A brilliant toilette, worthy of a bride,  
I bought, obedient to a husband's pride;  
I matched your favourite colours for attire,—  
Procured the jewels which you most admire,—  
And, but to meet your fancy, in a word,  
Heedless of what my income might afford,  
That you might think me fair, I spared no cost,  
And to this end I'd deem the world well lost.  
These are my crimes; then blame me as you may.  
Begin. Alas! this powerful wrath gives way;  
And your own pardon you are fain to sue.  
Receive it, then; for I'm too good for you.

DANVILLE.

I am unworthy of thee! Dear Hortense,  
Pardon your friend, who quits a vain defence.

Idly hath Fate disposed a lapse of years—  
This mighty difference—'twixt our hopes and fears :  
Your love fills up the void ; and I incline  
Before these tokens matchless and divine.

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## PART OF ACT II. SCENE VII.

*Characters—*DANVILLE, HORTENSE.

## DANVILLE.

Since my return, Hortense, I vainly sue  
For one short, fleeting hour of interview :  
Visits, your friends, and trifles, leave the wife  
Small taste or leisure for domestic life.  
I thought, in my impatience, to consign  
To paper what should meet no eye but thine ;  
But since, at last—rare happiness !—I find  
A meet occasion to relieve my mind,—  
I must remark,—if bluntly, yet with reason,—  
This raillery of my friend is out of season ;  
And it annoys me much, that you think fit,  
Swayed by a puerile display of wit,

To league with a young coxcomb to dispraise  
This dear companion of my youthful days.  
Jointly you quiz him ; 'tis a settled plan :  
Therefore you call him—a good kind of man.  
Well, a good kind of man he is ; and yet  
'Tis my best friend whose treatment I regret.  
Nay, more ; in spite of jests, there is not one  
Who bears a brighter fame beneath the sun.  
And he, whose polished satire, princely mirth,  
Whose power is vaunted much, and noble birth,  
Possesses not his heart, or sterling worth.  
Wit's arrowy sleet upon his grey head thrown,  
Is aimed, though indirectly, at my own ;  
While, for his age, you place him on the shelf,  
'Tis a sly hit, which glances at myself.

HORTENSE.

But sure the Duke has said, (and, for the rest,  
The Duke is in the right,) 'tis but a jest.

DANVILLE.

The Duke ! ay, there's the evil. To be free,  
The Duke offends me to the last degree.  
I am not harsh, or idle fancies' nurse ;—  
There are few men to whom I am averse :



But he, whether he speak, look grave, or smile,  
Has the peculiar art to raise my bile.  
Thinks he I'm blind, this finished rake, whene'er  
He seems to blame you, and to speak me fair,—  
While to one end these shuffling tricks belong,  
To find me more securely in the wrong?  
For this it grieves me much, to see him glide  
An everlasting dangler at your side.  
A woman's fame is tender; and, as such,  
In the community must count for much:  
If not supported, left without defence,  
It falls a victim to the least pretence.  
Suppose a youth more fond than friend or brother,—  
One fool's absurd discourse heard by another;  
The falsehood spreads; for some vain word misplaced,  
A husband's noted, and a wife's disgraced;  
And thirty years of virtue, far away,  
Can scarce retrieve the scandal of a day.

## HORTENSE.

What a fine moral chapter! This discourse  
Is meant for some grave homily, of course.  
You'll tell me afterwards. But, for the ball;  
Will you, or will you not, obey the call?

DANVILLE.

No, then. I mean, in future, by your leave,  
To call on those alone whom I receive ;  
But not on those who at my folly laugh.

HORTENSE.

The Duke calls on us—

DANVILLE.

He's too good by half.  
The honour is too great for one quite tired  
Of his continual visits, undesired.  
High rank becomes high men ; and not the less,  
At its due price, I value the noblesse.  
Let those invite a duke, or count, whose lot  
Is to be duke or count ; but I am not.  
My house is large, commodious,—and, beside,  
I know the comfort of my own fireside ;  
But should I once assume the glittering chain  
Of the proud circle which now turns your brain,  
Adieu repose ! My lot is then to fret  
Beneath an odious load of etiquette.  
My courage fails me, when I view the great  
Around our table nobly chaired in state ;  
My tongue is slow, my speech lacks eloquence,—  
Instead of Sir, to lisp—your Excellence ;

Or, patron, praise the bard still formed to please  
With spurious claims Parisian coteries.  
How must I look, or speak, when they give vent  
To all their vapid dreams of sentiment?—  
I, who would give my heart as well as hand,  
Nor would applaud before I understand.  
To treat these gentlemen I might think fit,  
If I was fool enough to pass for wit:  
But, thanks to my good sense, and humble birth,  
I know both what they are, and what I'm worth.  
I would enjoy my fortune, free from yoke,  
With what you're pleased to call—good kind of folk;  
Who for their lofty claims take no offence,—  
Without exaction, and without pretence:  
Not those who sneer, if, with less art endowed,  
I talk too freely, or I laugh too loud;  
Who deem it condescension to agree,  
In my own house, to keep me company.  
These are my friends,—who come not to condemn;  
Secure in me, as I'm secure in them.

## HORTENSE.

Return we to this ball—reflect; God knows,  
'Tis not amusement which I here propose;

But, 'tis a duty. Is the ill so great,  
To settle at a ball affairs of state?  
For your own interest, pass an hour or two;  
E'en thus the courtier prospers; but for you,  
To place you as I wish, with all my care,  
Such is your peevishness, I quite despair.

DANVILLE.

Place me not, then, I beg; may't be my lot  
To swell the crowd unheeded, and forgot;  
At least I'm free and happier with my own,  
Than clogged with ten departments of the crown;  
Nor long to sell my independence dear,  
Raised half an inch—some thousand crowns a year.

HORTENSE.

Well, then, to please my wayward fancy, say  
You'll but attend this rout, as to the play.  
What crowds, unknown before! what men well bred!  
I vow the very thought quite turns my head;—  
The best of all the capital affords:  
Ambassadors, and generals, and lords;  
Artists of each degree, broke from their fetters,—  
The flower of all that's choice, and men of letters.  
The ladies too!—what splendour in their dress!  
And then the diamonds;—Heavens! what loveliness!

To this delightful ball, for which I sigh,  
You'll go;—we must both go, or I shall die.

DANVILLE.

No, you'll not die, believe me; but you'll find  
This worthy Bonnard greatly to your mind;—  
Although, indeed, his dancing hours are past,  
You'll gaily sup, and then not die at last.

HORTENSE.

Will you for ever punish your Hortense,  
And keep your word? Say, what is my offence?  
Your safe return has been my only care;  
And, come at last, you drive me to despair.  
Your heart, thus hardened, then, can nothing touch?  
Is it your friend I satirized too much?  
He shall henceforth reign here without control,—  
I do respect him from my inmost soul;  
I'll pay my court,—he shall be our delight,  
To-morrow, say, my husband,—not to-night;  
For once, at least, give way.

DANVILLE (*Reluctantly*).

Howe'er it vex,

It must not be.

HORTENSE.

Unhappiest of my sex!

DANVILLE (*Softened down*).

She weeps, good Heavens!

HORTENSE (*Angrily*).

But this is tyranny,—

An odious act, to which I'll ne'er agree;  
And I revolt. You find it mighty well  
To guard me captive in your vast hotel.  
No no,—you'll see, at last, if I can bend:  
You may sit down to table with your friend,  
The guest the most detestable I know.  
Our wedding rights are equal;—I shall go;  
And, well chaperoned, no calumny can sting  
A daughter 'neath her mother's sheltering wing;—  
And I'll retreat betimes, and will not wait  
For your friend Bonnard. I'll return as late,  
And not be harassed by the company  
Of this old proser of the age gone by.

DANVILLE (*Furious*).

You'll go, you say,—you'll go! But I insist  
On your obedience.

HORTENSE.

Good.

DANVILLE.

What, you resist?

Reflect,—the order's given; and not the less,  
Though you entreat me, 'tis beyond redress;  
You may implore in vain, howe'er to please  
You strive, or weep, or fall upon your knees.

THE END.

LONDON: JAMES HOLMES, TOOK'S COURT,  
CHANCERY LANE.









